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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXXXI No. 2366 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC MAY 26 1945

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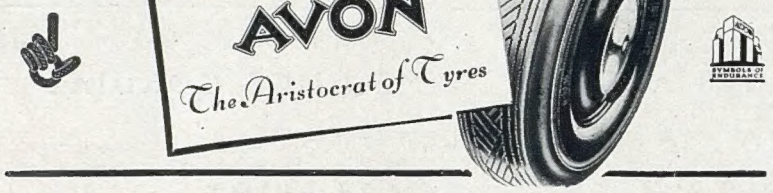

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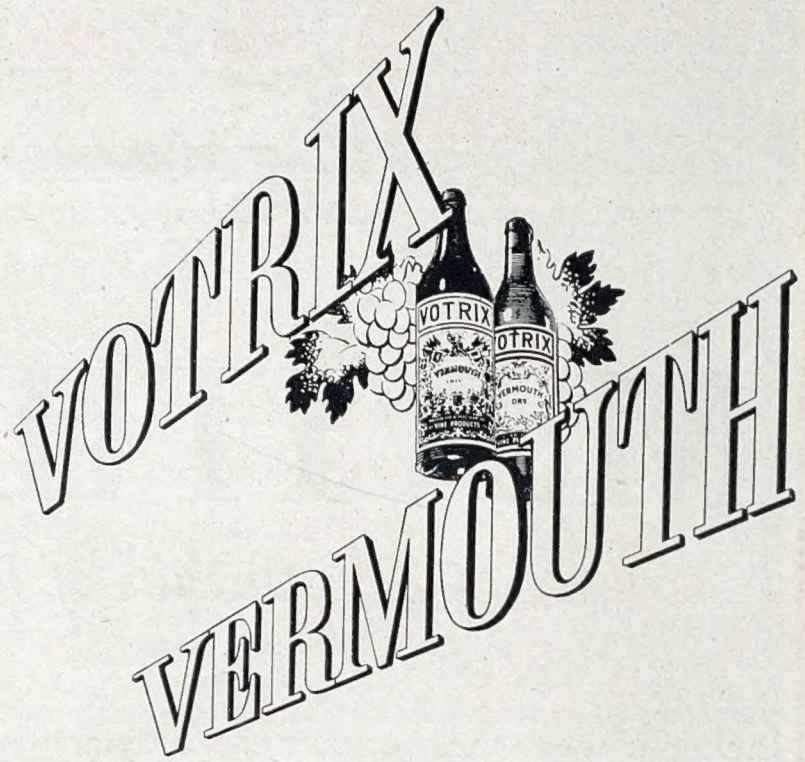

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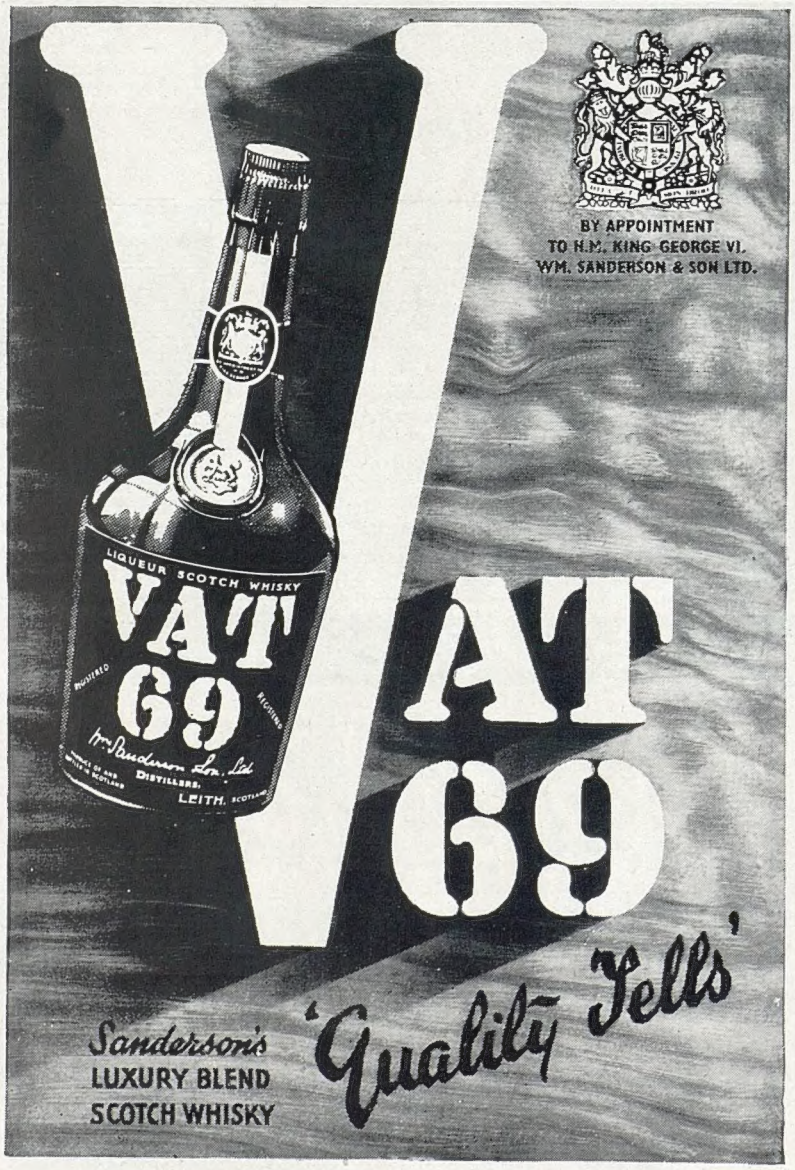

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Volume CLXXXI No. 2366 The SPHERE, London, May 26, 1945

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

HELIGOLAND AGAIN IN BRITISH HANDS: THE OCCUPATION OF THE GERMAN ISLAND IN THE NORTH SEA. The scene among the wreckage as Rear-Admiral Muirhead Gould met the Colonel of the Guards who have now taken over on the island

In the year 1807, the rocky island of Heligoland, which guards the entrance to the Weser and Elbe Rivers in the North Sea, was taken from Holstein : it remained in British hands till the year 1890, when it was then ceded to Germany in exchange for certain rights on the east coast of Africa. From that moment until May 13, British forces had never set foot on the spot, which the Germans had converted into a veritable fortress. Both in this war and in the last, Heligoland has played a very important role, and its garrison, its submarine bases and flying field have all operated against us to good effect. Now it is once again in British hands. On May 13, a company of Scots Guards took it over. The occupation had several remarkable features : it was the first time for many generations that a British Admiral and British infantry had taken over an island *and used enemy warships for the purpose.* Rear-Admiral Muirhead Gould, naval commander in North-West Germany (above on left), travelled to Heligoland with a staff of gunnery and armament experts in two German R-boats—small but powerfully-armed coastal escort vessels. Five ships of the Seventh German Minesweeping Flotilla (the famous M class) carried the men of the Scots Guards (from the Guards Armoured Division), who are to form the temporary garrison. In the picture above, a Guards Colonel is seen (on right) in conversation with Admiral Gould

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A WELL-EARNED REST : Field-Marshal Sir Bernard Montgomery on leave in this country after his triumphs on the Continent. He is seen with two friends, Major and Mrs. Reynolds

A MOMENTOUS DIARY written in a quiet Surrey garden : A close-up of Field-Marshal Montgomery resting and relaxing in the sunshine

THE SUPREME COMMANDER IN LONDON : General Eisenhower and General Bradley paid a surprise visit to London last week and were given a great welcome when they visited the Prince of Wales's Theatre. The party in the box, from left to right, are : Lieut. John Eisenhower, the C.-in-C.'s son ; Miss Tony Porter ; General Eisenhower ; Lieut. Kay Summersby, the General's personal secretary and General Omar N. Bradley

A WAR NEWSLETTER No. 299

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Churchill Between the Lines.

—It is a commonplace that the Premier says what Britain is thinking better than any other Briton can. So it was on Sunday night, May 13. What he said of de Valera and Eire simply *had* to be said, and could not possibly have been said better. What he left unsaid about the prospects of a just and unselfish peace and about Great-Power-Trusteeship was as significant as what he said in generalisation. His words are so often dazzling that there may be a tendency to take this great statesman's words during the war purely *au bout de la lettre*. (E.g., " Give us the tools and *we* will finish the job.") The final verdict will be this : One object bulked alone in his mind since May 1940—*to save the British Empire from enslavement*. For that he was ready to make himself the bagman of Europe, to accept snubs, to accept strange bedfellows cheerfully. What he said was wonderful, uplifting and—shrewd. What he *thought*, we shall slowly begin to know. One such thought has been now released : he knew that Pearl Harbour meant the ultimate attainment of his great purpose. We must not, however, suppose that always he was as confident about the post-war brotherhood of the great Allies as his words may have suggested. *Loyalty* has been his secret weapon No. 1. And I " don't think it would have done if he hadn't been there," with that weapon. And I don't think even now he can be turned out to grass. Reading his lines is uplifting. Reading between them is illuminating. He was Pitt . . . and Machiavel ; and, if I am right, he also believes that his job is not yet done.

Simplicity or Realism ?—

It is our habit to try to " simplify " every problem. At the risk of repetition, I want to restate my own views on what seems to me one of the most important matters of to-day and to-morrow. I have said of Mr. Churchill that, until victory was attained, he had one, and only one, overriding purpose : *to save our Empire and Civilisation from enslavement to Hitler*. To attain that end (I added) he made loyalty (to his colleagues, to our war commanders, to Russia, to America) his war weapon No. 1. To keep faith he spared himself nothing ; no fatigue, no duty, not even his reputation as a prophet. He made himself the " bagman," or go-between, among the Allies, and never dreamed of standing on his dignity, accepting even snubs and misrepresentations silently and cheerfully. Loyalty like that is rare—so rare that one is inclined to think a statesmen who achieves it so long is honest to *simplicity*. Mr. Churchill (I think) is *not so simple as all that*. If ever a man was a realist, he is. If the ordinary man takes Mr. Churchill's utterances during five years of war, all of them, at the foot of the letter, he may conclude that Mr. Churchill was painfully surprised by the swift evidences which came almost before victory was attained of *anything but* unanimity among the Big Three or Four or Five ; evidences of " smash and grab " politics among lesser States, and even among beaten enemies concerning sovereign rights and claims to territory. Don't you believe it. The Premier was always to be read *between the lines*. He knows international " human nature " and history better than you and I. He used his weapon shrewdly and attained his immense purpose. But never for one moment did he suppose or expect (any more than you or I did) that the road to resettlement would all be love and brotherhood, honey and jam. He was not born yesterday. No one knew better than he that VE-Day would be but the herald of a long and unedifying tug-of-war. That is why he is still needed, and that is why a Whitsun holiday is so vital a necessity for him. Indeed, he ought to be forced to go to bed for a month or two to recover his fullest vigour. For Roosevelt is no longer with him to share the strain, which will be tremendous.

On Calm Reflection . . .

—As I have said, I " did not bargain " for 300 total-War Newsletters when I sat down to the job in September 1939. However, Number 300 looms up ; the war is by no means over ; and " the mixture as before " is still to be brewed. When I was younger, " Mr. Britling " saw it through rather more quickly. A war is easier endured when you are abroad fighting than when you are watching or passively serving at home. For if one's view be narrower, so are one's imagination and apprehensions. As regards the European War of 1939-45, we saw it through just before No. 300 turned up, and now that it is signalled, we are calm enough perhaps to see it through also. I mean to file these last few editions of THE SPHERE, which contain some curiously interesting pictorial records of six years of terror and agony and struggle. I have been struck by several features in recent issues. Oddly enough, the camp horror-pictures and the ruins of German cities do not to-day seem to me so important as memory-aids as those old snapshots taken in the days of Hitler's triumphs. We might, of course, educate the Germans by requiring the population to see every year films of Dachau, Buchenwald, etc., and views of their bombed cities. I am not sure that more psychological value may not lie in those famous and superbly comic snapshots of Hitler dancing a jig on hearing the news of France's capitulation. One might post them up in every German village and new town, life-size ; and underneath, as legend, the German equivalent of the proverbial saw :

" The best laid plots of mice
and men gang aft agley."

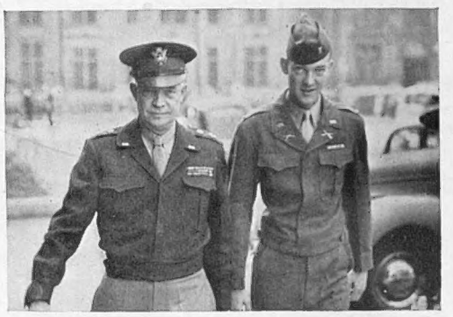
And indeed, is not that dance of the demi-god in 1940 the perfect fool's-cap to set on the image of a would-be World-Conqueror ?

War Criminals.—

The even mean is hard to attain. I do not know which extreme is more deplorable—the petting and photographing of Nazi murderers, like Goering, or the murder of Mussolini and his woman with all the revolting manifestations of mob-rule. The grave and dignified international lawyers who have been so long (and so fruitlessly hitherto) planning the procedure of these solemn and awful acts of justice have so far, as I ventured to forecast, done no more than beat the air. Suicide, assassination, the weapons of war and lynch law have reduced the available supply of candidates for the Dock more swiftly and more drastically than anyone could have imagined possible. Of those that are left alive and in custody, some at least, for the dignity of civilisation should not be put upon their plea. Pétain, for instance. What point can be gained by condemning to death, after a Paris fireworks trial, one who, once a considerable figure, has long been in mental and physical collapse and is now a nonagenarian imbecile. Such a trial could only be unedifying and perfectly pointless. Let the old man die in the misery of a tortured conscience. Hess also at the moment is unfit to plead, and death would be a release for him. On the other hand, Joyce should certainly stand his trial at the Old Bailey under the existing Treason laws, and he will, we hope, be duly hanged. The even mean is hard to attain, as I say. It implies the rejection of sensationalism, of sentiment, of uncontrolled vengeance, of softness and of sadism. Let us neither murder without trial, nor pet notorious murderers, nor go through the horrid farce of trying and condemning imbeciles and lunatics. Let us remain as dignified and calm in victory as we were dignified and calm in our mortal danger.

Sovereign Rights and Duties.

—We shall in the months ahead hear a good deal about " sovereign rights " all over Europe—too much, perhaps, for our peace. I am not fond of the expression used in that sense. In another sense we in Britain are inclined to take for granted our Sovereign's " rights " as the right to serve the State—in a word, we take our sovereign's rights and duties for granted, and as one. But in moments of great emotion the Sovereign's right to be the " instant focus for congratulation and rejoicing " of a thankful people assures him that those endless duties have been appreciated. It was so in November 1918 and in May 1945. It was on November 13, 1918, that *The Times*, in a leader, wrote : " We believe that deep in the heart of these amazing crowds, spontaneous and hardly understood, lies a real anxiety to mark the contrast between the popular sovereignty which this nation has achieved and the autocracy which it has greatly helped to destroy." Yes, that and other emotions evoke such demonstrations. The quoted words are as apt in 1945. George VI follows George V, as 1945 follows 1918—two world wars and two British Kings, of the character that such times require in sovereigns—simple, brave, cheerful and dutiful. Small wonder then that history repeated itself in the Buckingham Palace demonstrations and in the London progresses and the St. Paul's Service. One innovation was borrowed from the *Jubilee* of King George V, the Address by the Houses of Parliament. Some may remember how that summer day of 1935 King George, when he came to reply, broke down in his emotion as he spoke of the Queen's help—some people can check my word for it ; for gramophone records of the speech exist. Perhaps King George VI felt an emotion not less strong that summer day ten years (only ten !) afterwards.

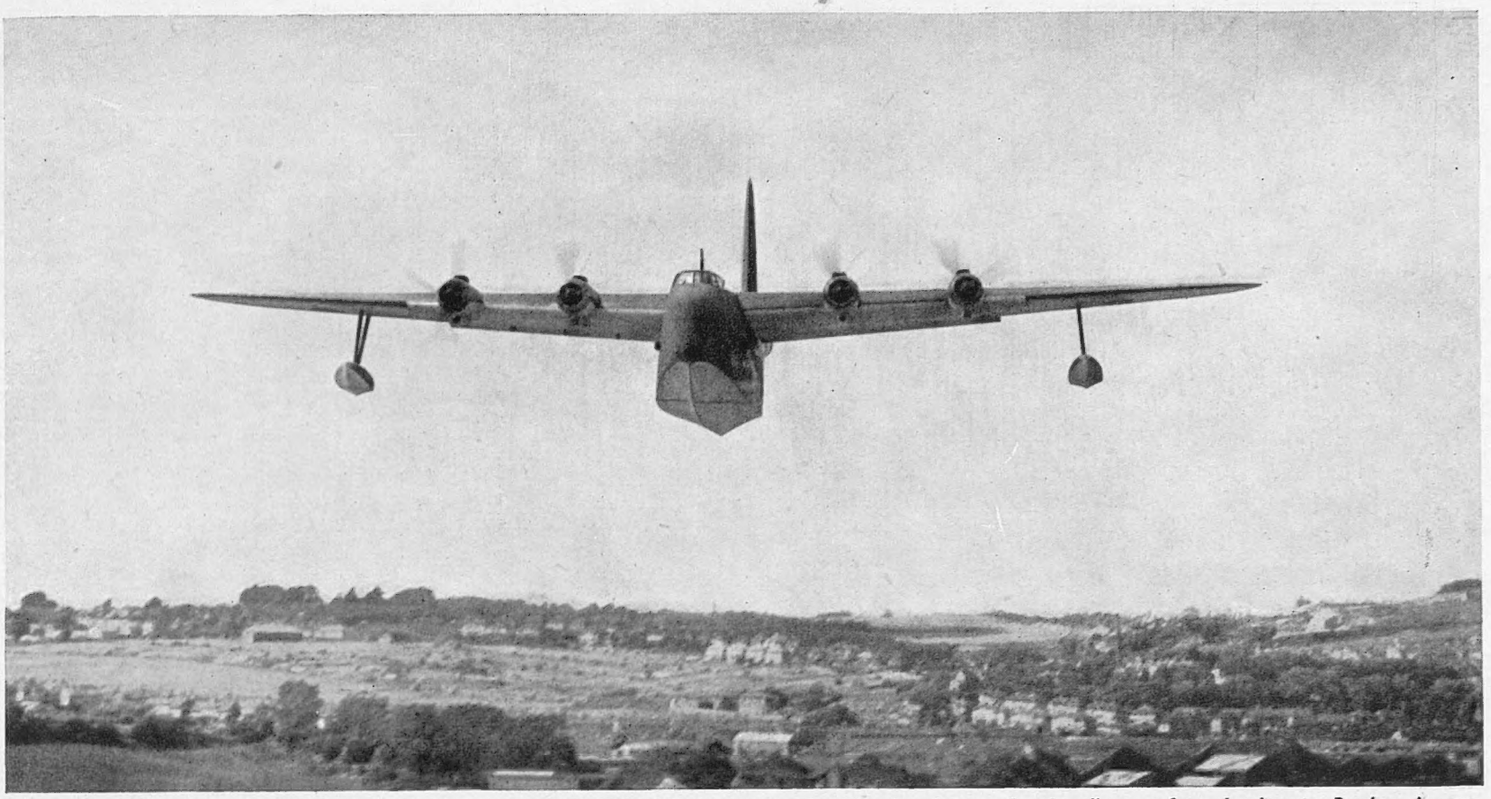


ON HIS WAY TO No. 10 : General Eisenhower arriving at Downing Street, where he lunched with the Prime Minister. He is accompanied by Lieut. John Eisenhower, his son, who did not, however, attend the luncheon

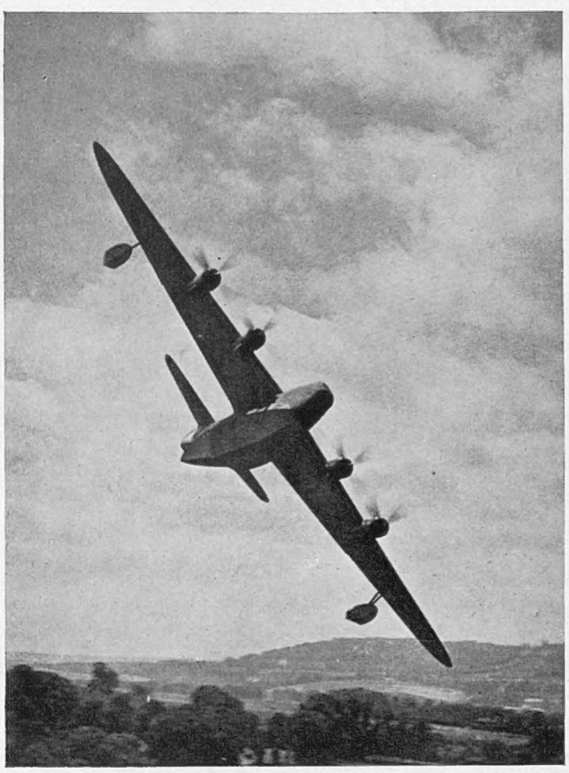
Arctic.

—Our weather always *is* a record. I have of late been recording June in March, July in early April and January on May Day. But my five-year diary is a corrective, and a reminder that memory is short. Above my notes of interrogation and superlatives and curses on the weather of 1945 I read the same more or less exactly at the same periods of '44, '43, '42. Buchan really can't go wrong when he guarantees a weather-hate between April 20 and May 7. He is seldom more than 48 hours out. The damage done to fruit and vegetables and blooms depends less on the frost than on the hot sun which follows a night frost. " As usual," most of the potatoes and beans which are showing, fruit half-set, and, of course, azaleas are nipped or browned. But somehow one comes to a harvest in the end. Those who refuse to believe in summer till summer-time is over are least likely in England to suffer in mind and body from the so-called " freaks " of May. Which is not to pretend that dabbling in the hoar frost at 5 a.m. (Greenwich) on May Day is pleasant or likely to improve one's beauty permanently. And I can't understand why our great-grandmothers recommended it.

THE OLD STAGER



THE FIRST PICTURE OF THE NEW SHETLAND FLYING-BOAT IN FLIGHT: At cruising speed, this aircraft can fly the distance from London to Bombay in one colossal hop. It weighs 58 tons and can carry seventy passengers in comfort, in addition to a crew of eleven



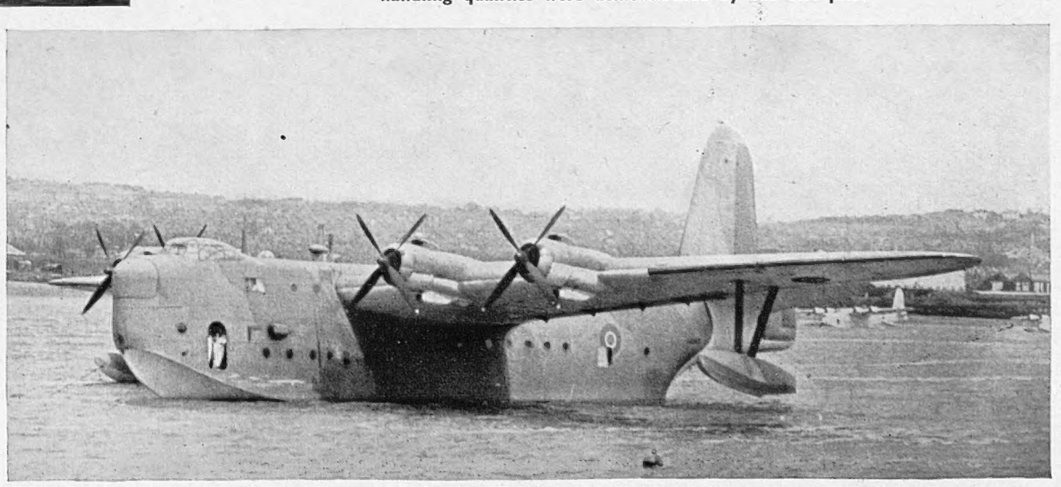
A FINE IMPRESSION OF THE SHETLAND IN A STEEP TURN: It is powered with four Bristol engines and has a span of 150 ft.

THE LARGEST BRITISH AIRCRAFT YET FLOWN, AND THE FASTEST FLYING-BOAT IN THE WORLD: Another impression of the Shetland in the air during a test flight, in which her fine handling qualities were demonstrated by the test pilot

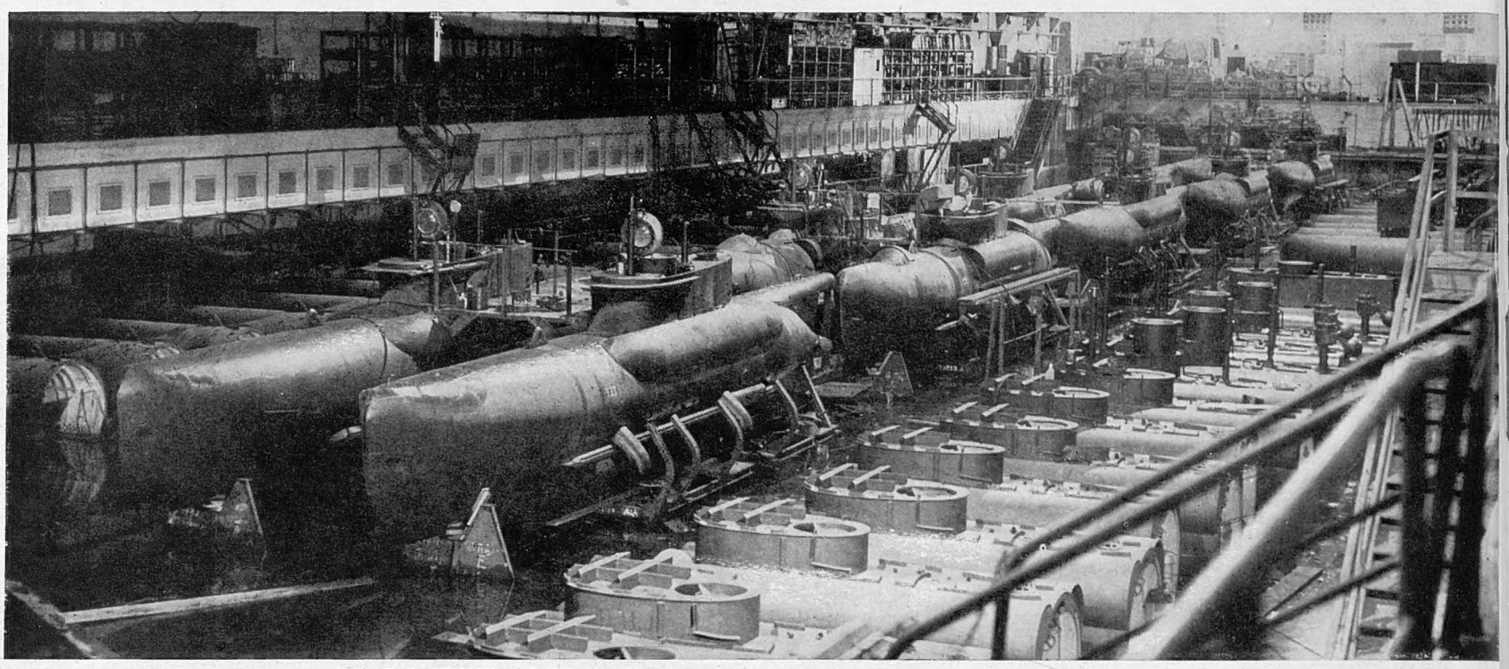
OFF THE SECRET LIST

Britain's Largest and Latest Aircraft—The "Shetland" Flying-Boat

The four-engined Shetland flying-boat is the largest British aircraft that has yet flown. It is powered by four Bristol Centaurus engines, has a fully-loaded weight of 130,000 lb., a wing-span of 150 ft. and an overall length of 110 ft. Designed and constructed by Short Bros., with the collaboration of Saunders Roe, this mighty 58-ton aircraft has a maximum speed of 267 m.p.h. Cruising at 184 m.p.h., it can carry a payload of 7,620 lb. for a range of 4,650 statute miles (the distance between London and Bombay). The Shetland was primarily intended for long-range patrol and reconnaissance duties throughout the world. Its great endurance and load-carrying capacity should prove of extreme value to air-transport operators.



AT THE END OF HER FLIGHT: A picture of the Shetland sitting on the water, showing the great depth of her hull. There are two decks within. She can carry over 6,000 gallons of petrol and 250 gallons of oil, and these together weigh more than 20 tons



HOW THE GERMAN MIDGET SUBMARINES WERE ASSEMBLED IN SPECIAL "SHELTERS": These are all of the two-man "Seehund" type, which were well designed and equipped. They arrived in sections and were put together in the gigantic "shelter" seen in the above view. The Germans had three types of midgets in all

The MIDGET SUBMARINES of the GERMAN NAVY

An Enemy Pocket Submarine and Surrendered E-Boats

During the closing months of the war, the German Navy made extensive use of midget U-boats in a determined but vain attempt to interrupt the flow of Allied supplies across the Channel and the North Sea to the Continent. In the course of a series of actions, fought mainly in coastal waters, a total of eighty-one midget U-boats were either sunk, probably sunk, or captured. A further twenty-eight were possibly sunk. Attacks were also carried out on seventy others, but it was not possible to observe the full results of these attacks. Since the capitulation of Germany, about 100 more midget U-boats have been captured.

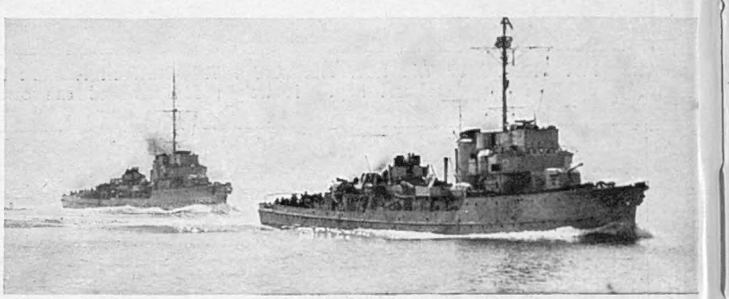
The German Navy employed three types of midget U-boats during this campaign. They were the Biber, the Molch and the Seehund.

The type known as Biber is a one-man U-boat, with a surface displacement of 6 tons. The length is 29 ft. 6 in. and overall beam 4 ft. 9 in. It is armed with two modified electric torpedoes, slung one on either side outboard. These torpedoes have a range of about 5,000 yards at 20 knots. In place of one or both of them, one or two mines may be carried. The pilot cons through six rectangular armoured glass scuttles, and the hatch is also fitted with a glass scuttle for upward observation. The whole conning-tower rises about 2 ft. above the water at normal trim and is fitted forward with a projector-compass about 18 in. high, a periscope about 4 ft. 6 in. high and an air intake, which is slightly shorter than the periscope.

Propulsion is by petrol engine and by electric motor, and the air intake enables the Biber to proceed on engines with the hatch closed. The maximum speed has been estimated at 6½ knots and the submerged speed at 6 knots, both with armament. The maximum surfaced endurance is about 100 miles, and the average human endurance not more than forty-eight hours. Submerged endurance has been estimated at 5½ miles, but is likely to be longer. Depth-gauges are marked to 80 ft., and operational depth is probably about 60 ft.

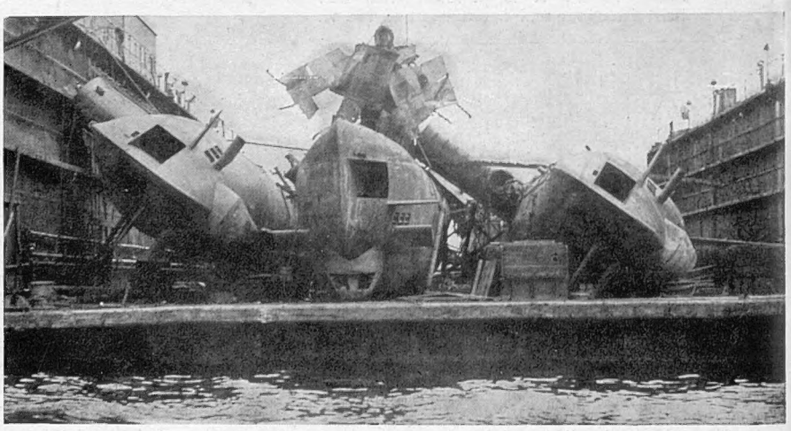
Molch is a one-man midget U-boat with an overall length of approximately 46 ft. and beam of about 7½ ft. Its armament is similar to that of the Biber; torpedoes are electric and no mines are carried. The conning-tower is like that of the Biber and is fitted with a periscope. Propulsion is electric, both surfaced and submerged, and a maximum speed of 6 to 7 knots can be attained. Slow speed is 3 to 4 knots; there are no intermediate speeds. Endurance is known to be at least twenty-four hours.

The "Seehund" is a two-man midget U-boat. Unlike the Biber, it is well designed and equipped. There is a marked similarity between the "Seehund" and the prefabricated U-boats, of which the "Seehund" is a miniature. The "Seehund" has an overall length of 39 ft., with a depth of 6 ft. and a displacement of 16 tons. It is propelled by Diesel engine and electric motor, and has a surface speed of 8 knots, with a submerged speed of between 3 and 4 knots. Its armament consists of two 21-in. modified electric torpedoes fitted with magnetic pistols and net-cutters, with an estimated performance of 18½ knots up to 6,000 yards. It has an approximate endurance of 275 miles at 8 knots surfaced, plus about 50 miles at 3 knots submerged. The submerged endurance can, however, be increased by charging batteries on the surface.

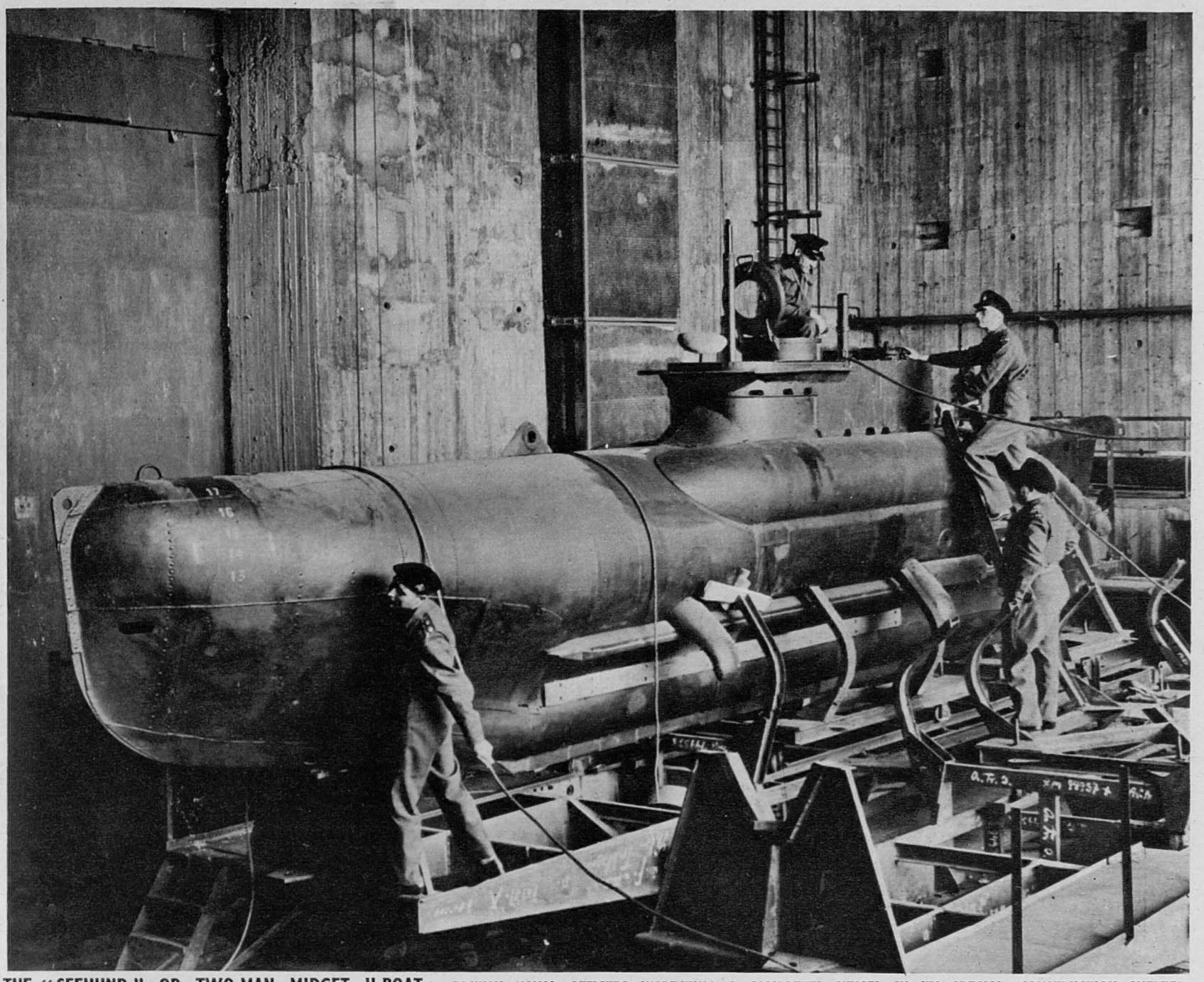


GERMAN "M" CLASS MINESWEEPERS—vessels of 600 tons, with a complement of eighty-two: These, too, have been surrendered to the Royal Navy. Some of them were used to carry the Scots Guards to the fortress island of Heligoland after its surrender—the task on which they were engaged when this picture was taken

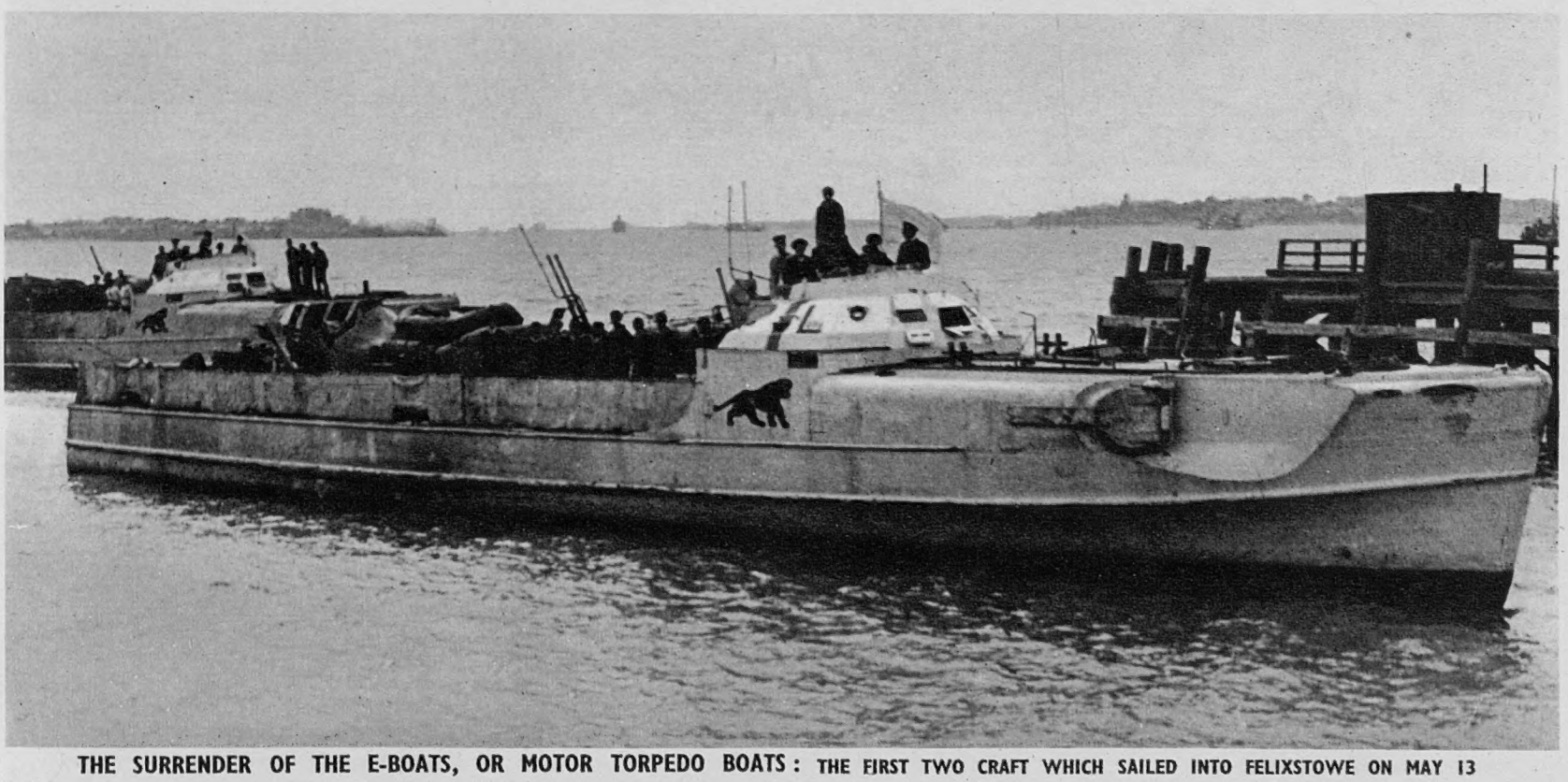
A POCKET U-BOAT SURRENDERS IN SCOTLAND: Among the surrendered German submarines is one of the latest small-type vessels, larger than the midgets but much smaller than the normal types. It is the U-2326, and has just arrived at Dundee. This 250-ton craft is 100 ft. long and carries a crew of fifteen men. In this picture, a British naval officer, on the left, is seen with the commander of the U-boat (on right) in the conning-tower: the First Officer and a German naval rating are also present. The commander had only just heard that the war was over, as his radio had been out of order



PREFABRICATED MIDGET U-BOATS IN A CAPTURED FLOATING DOCK at a German naval base: These are the vessels with which the Germans had a "last fling" at Allied shipping in the English Channel earlier this year



THE "SEEHUND," OR TWO-MAN MIDGET U-BOAT: BRITISH NAVAL OFFICERS INSPECTING A COMPLETED VESSEL IN ITS SPECIAL CONSTRUCTION SHELTER. This type of midget has an overall length of 39 ft., with a depth of 6 ft., and a displacement of 16 tons. It has an endurance of 275 miles at 8 knots on the surface, plus about 50 miles at 3 knots submerged



THE SURRENDER OF THE E-BOATS, OR MOTOR TORPEDO BOATS: THE FIRST TWO CRAFT WHICH SAILED INTO FELIXSTOWE ON MAY 13

This picture shows the German vessels in all completeness, for the first time in this war, in an English journal. They are the vanguard of the E-boat fleet which had been operating from Dutch bases against Allied shipping in the North Sea: aboard one of them was the Rear-Admiral who had been in charge of the operations of this fleet. The M.T.B.s were dubbed "E-boats" quite early in the war—it is presumed because they were Enemy boats. All of them are of wood construction, or composite section U-form; they are exceptionally stout and seaworthy. The E-boats have a displacement of 62 tons and a length of 93 ft.: as armament, they carry two 19·7-in. torpedo-tubes, and two one-pounder and one 20-mm. anti-aircraft guns. They are powered with Diesel, or Daimler-Benz, petrol engines, which give them a speed of from 30 to 33 knots—considerably slower than our own high-speed M.T.B.s. The usual complement was seventeen officers and men. A number of them were sunk during battles in the Channel and the North Sea

THE END OF BERLIN AS THE CAPITAL CITY OF THE NAZIS : THE SCENE AT THE BRANDENBURGER TOR, AT THE CITY'S HEART, as the Russians approached—to find it a sea of fire. This is the view looking towards the famous Unter den Linden—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

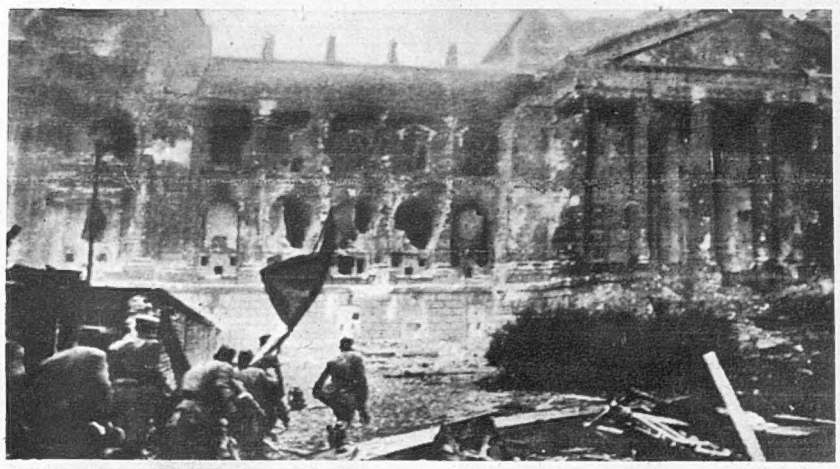
The Brandenburg Gate is the "Marble Arch" of Berlin, near the Tiergarten, where the remaining Nazis made their last stand against the victorious Russians. The final stages of the street-fighting in the Reich capital—"the city which would never capitulate," said the Nazis—reduced Berlin to a devastation such as few cities in the world have been called on to endure since the days of Pompeii. The famous Gate itself is badly shattered: all around, as the Russians approached, were burning buildings in the Wilhelmstrasse and Unter den Linden. German dead were piled all around the Gate, with equipment littering the roadways and pavements. According to correspondents who have visited Berlin, the devastation in some quarters is almost unbelievable: at the moment there are not enough buildings standing in the city centre for the Russian administrative staffs, which have had to requisition accommodation on the outskirts, where the damage is not so complete

PAINTED ON A BERLIN WALL : The inscription reads "Berlin will remain German." The soldiers at the telephone-post below it are, however, Russians. Berlin is now being administered by the men of the Red Army

DURING THE LAST DAYS OF THE STREET-FIGHTING : Red Army soldiers busy with their mortars along a wide thoroughfare, shelling out one of the last pockets of Nazi resistance in the city centre

The RUINED CITY OF BERLIN

Now Occupied by the Victorious Red Army



THE RED ARMY APPROACHES THE REICHSTAG BUILDING : It is in ruins once again—the last time was when it was fired at Goering's orders at the beginning of the Nazi regime. To-day the Red Flag floats over the ruins

BY THE BRANDENBURGER TOR, NEAR THE TIERGARTEN, in the centre of the city : Red Army tanks are trundling past the ruins after the capitulation. Within this area there are few remains of the great Government buildings

THE DEFEAT OF THE GERMAN ARMY: THE GENERALS OF THE WEHRMACHT DRIVE ALONG THE CROWDED ROADS TO SURRENDER TO THE BRITISH ON THE ELBE.
One of the scenes as the once-mighty army collapsed just before the Final Surrender—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

"Nothing on the scale of this immense catastrophe has been seen in this war, not even in Tunisia, not even in France in 1940," wrote Mr. Christopher Buckley just before the end came. Generals, great and small, drove themselves up to our forward patrols, and were directed to keep on driving until they found a prisoners' cage and someone to attend to them. There were five of them in a single open car, followed by a closed car containing a single high naval officer. Other enemy officers and non-commissioned officers on their way to surrender secured lifts on Allied lorries as their bicycles were wrested out of their hands by the slave labourers who crowded their roads. The congestion generally as the end came closer was something that baffled description

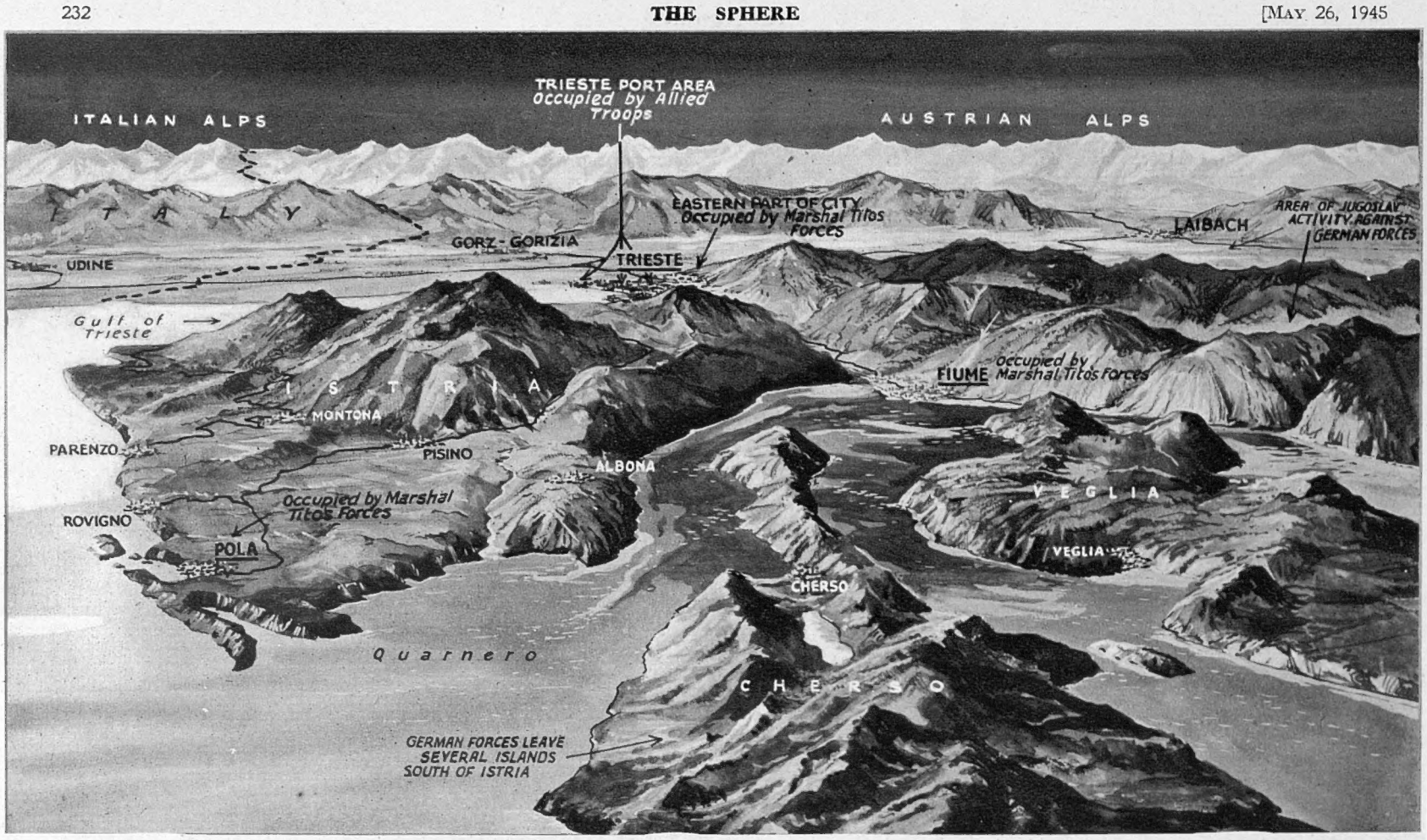
A SCENE IN THE WRECKED REICH CHANCELLERY, the headquarters of Hitler and the Nazis, which has been battered almost to nothingness

IN THE AREA OF THE POTSDAM STATION: In the foreground is a German Royal Tiger tank crippled by the Soviet artillery

FIELD-MARSHAL BUSCH RECEIVES HIS ORDERS FROM FIELD-MARSHAL MONTGOMERY after Doenitz had ordered the capitulation of Germany

THE BURNING OF BERCHTESGADEN: As Seventh Army troops approached Hitler's Bavarian headquarters up in the mountains, they found it in flames. This fabulous estate, the spot from which Hitler had ordered the last stand of the German Army, was set on fire in a last-minute action by the S.S. troops who were guarding it. A short while earlier, it had been heavily damaged during the course of a heavy Allied air attack (see *also page* 245)

THE MEETING OUTSIDE FIELD-MARSHAL MONTGOMERY'S CARAVAN HEADQUARTERS ON LUNEBURG HEATH: Field-Marshal Busch, Commander-in-Chief of the German armies in North-West Europe, met, on May 11, 1945, the man who defeated him at the latter's headquarters on Luneburg Heath, once a training-ground for the Wehrmacht. From the British Commander he received orders regarding the work his troops will have to do to facilitate the fulfilment of the surrender terms. These two pictures were taken at the meeting outside the caravan headquarters. Accompanying Field-Marshal Busch (carrying his Marshal's baton) was General Garcis, Senior German Liaison Officer



THE CONTROVERSY WITH MARSHAL TITO OVER TRIESTE AND THE ISTRIAN PENINSULA : A diagram-drawing showing the region from which the Marshal has been requested to withdraw by the American and British Governments—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

THE SURRENDER OF TRIESTE

Occupied by Marshal Tito, and the Subject of a Subsequent Demand by America and Britain

—With a Special Sphere Drawing

Trieste was not included in the surrender of Germany's Southern Army to Field-Marshal Sir Harold Alexander. The line of the Isonzo River marked the eastern edge of the territory covered. Tito's forces had been advancing towards Trieste for some time and had reached it by April 30, when the Eighth Army was hurrying from Venice towards the great port. Field-Marshal Alexander had previously informed Tito that this port would be required by the Allies in Italy for their advance into Austria ; yet the Yugoslav troops, leaving much of their own country in German hands, pushed on for the coveted prize.

Severe fighting took place in Trieste, the Germans shutting themselves into various strongholds—in the castle ; the Palace of Justice ; the coastal base of Miramare—and refusing to budge. Tito's forces were not strong enough to turn them out, but when the New Zealanders appeared, their tanks soon settled the matter. The port was then garrisoned by the New Zealanders and a U.S. battalion.

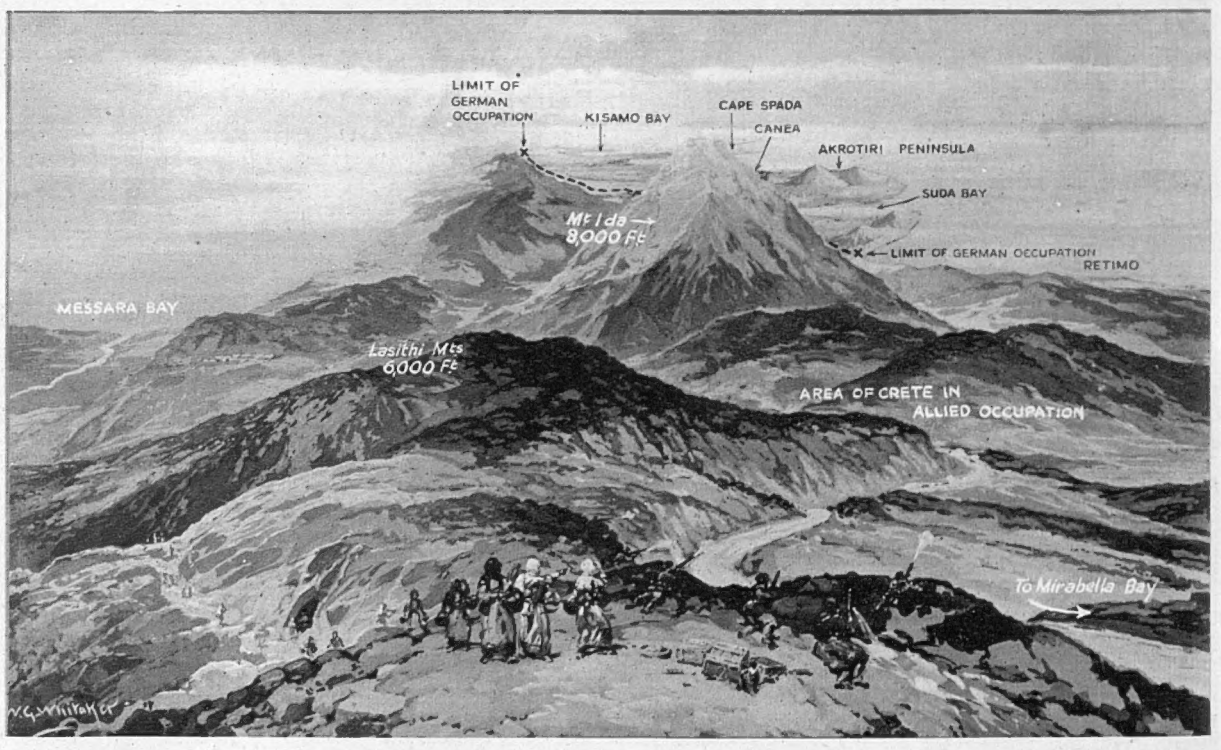
This has caused some unpleasantness at the headquarters of the Yugoslavs, which announced that the enemy were entirely cleared out before the Allied forces arrived, and that the New Zealanders were merely permitted to enter Trieste. It was stated that " undesirable consequences might result."

The Italian Government has urged that the necessary military occupation of Trieste may not prejudice the ultimate destiny of the port, which should be settled at the peace. Trieste indeed seems necessary as a port for Central Europe, for Austria, Hungary and Czechoslovakia, and not merely for Italy or Yugoslavia. Under Italian occupation it lost heavily in trade, and under Yugoslavia it would doubtless drop still lower in importance.

Another complication to the present situation is the nearness of Mihailovitch and his 30,000 troops, who are said to be desirous of reaching the Eighth Army forces.

***On right*—ON THE ITALO-AUSTRIAN BORDER : The " mailed fist " insignia of the British 6th Armoured Division has been erected by the roadside ; it has been electrically controlled so that it now gives the " thumbs up " sign to passers-by**

YUGOSLAVS AND NEW ZEALANDERS MEET IN TRIESTE : Following the taking of Trieste by Yugoslav partisans, early in May New Zealanders of the Eighth Army marched in to garrison the city for a supply base for the Allied armies moving north. Later, British and Yugoslav military authorities conferred at General Freyberg's headquarters. Here a Yugoslav partisan (on left) is seen presenting a New Zealand tankman with a Yugoslav flag



THE SURRENDER OF THE AEGEAN BY THE GERMANS : The enemy garrison on Crete hands over to the Allies after telephone messages to Rhodes. This view shows the western end of the island, including Canea, which had been held by 12,000 men, who could have been better employed elsewhere !—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

The strange position on the island of Crete came to an end with the surrender of the garrison of 12,000 men after the final capitulation of the German Army. For some three years a German garrison had been holding Crete as part of the Nazi attempt to maintain a defence frontage in the Aegean. Considerable effort was expended in fortifying various smaller islands. Rhodes had a considerable garrison, as one of the forward bastions. For some time the German forces were spread out over the island, but, gradually, under Allied pressure, the garrison retired to the western end of the island, holding an area stretching from the westward tip to a position south of Suda Bay. This included the town of Canea. A static condition was established, and neither patrols opened fire if it could be avoided. The situation existing between the Allied forces and the German garrison was, indeed, an odd one. Three years ago it was complicated by the existence of some thousands of Cretan guerillas, who maintained a continuous mountain warfare with the Germans before they concentrated on the west end of the island. Cretans hiding in the mountains had to depend entirely on food brought to them at night from surrounding villages

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THE DAY OF RETRIBUTION FOR THE ENEMIES OF MANKIND : Gestapo agents, collaborators and men who have infringed the laws laid down by the Allied Military Government are now being subjected to Allied control. Many are hoping to escape justice, but few will succeed. American soldiers are here standing guard over an S.S. man and three Gestapo agents who were found in the town of Nuremberg wearing civilian clothing. Men such as these are responsible for the torture and murder of many people. Now, sullenly they wait the hand of Allied justice

THE CORNERED NAZI NOW DECLARES HIS INNOCENCE—even when confronted with the evidence of his iniquities : This man was a leading member of the Nazi Party in the German town of Hals. He is pleading with officers of the American 26th Division. He and another German, one of the guards of a body of Russian and Polish slave workers, were brought to the scene of a Nazi atrocity. They stand in front of a mass grave containing bodies of the victims

THE END OF AN ARMY—The surrendered Wehrmacht await the big sort out : German prisoners outside their improvised shelters on Luneburg Heath. Tens of thousands of men of the surrendered German Army are now in concentration areas in Northern Germany. This picture shows men of the beaten Wehrmacht as they lounge in the sun in the fields around Luneburg. Many have built tiny shelters and dug-outs, to serve as their living quarters ; they spend their time washing clothes, playing cards and sleeping while they await the final sort out by the British authorities

A DANISH PRINCE IN THE RESISTANCE MOVEMENT : He is Prince Fleming, son of Prince Axel (who is a cousin of King Christian). He is standing on the left, wearing a peaked cap and carrying an automatic gun slung over his shoulder, with other members of the Movement

THE NAZIS FIRE ON DUTCH VICTORY CROWDS : The scene in Utrecht, Holland, just after Nazi fanatics had sniped at civilians celebrating the coming of peace. Dutch patriots are engaging the Nazis outside their improvised stronghold

THE NAZIS IN UTRECHT ARE ROUNDED UP AFTER THE INCIDENT, and the Dutch people prepare to carry on with their interrupted victory procession : Victory crowds celebrating in the streets of Utrecht, Holland, were fired on by Nazi fanatics hiding in a building overlooking the parade. They were at once engaged by Dutch patriots, and after a sharp skirmish the Germans were captured and brought out under arrest. The celebrations were then resumed by the Dutch civilians

The COLLAPSE of the NORTHERN BASTION

And Other Strategic Considerations After the German Capitulation

THE FINAL PHASES OF THE BALTIC COAST CAMPAIGN BY THE RUSSIANS: The freeing of Courland and the clearance of the whole obstinately-held coastline from Konigsberg to Swinemunde and Rugen

With the capture of Danzig on March 30, the Russians gained control of the Baltic coast from the Gulf of Danzig to the estuary of the River Odel. It had been no easy task to eject the Germans from the ports to which they were holding with the same tenacity as they had previously held on to the Channel ports. Konigsberg, to the east of Danzig, had been besieged for some months, and gave Marshal Rokossovsky's troops one of the fiercest conflicts of the war. A new offensive was started on March 14: unfortunately, a thaw set in at the same time; but though it rendered the task more formidable, the Russians pressed on towards the Frische Haff, which is separated from the Baltic by the narrow strip of sand, the Frische Nehrung.

Throughout March the Russians threw in fresh forces to turn the enemy out of Danzig and Gdynia. About twenty-five German divisions were holding the strip of coast from Danzig to the Hal Peninsula. The enemy began to evacuate by sea, but lost heavily under Russian bombing. Their resistance remained fierce, but after Zoppot, the seaside place lying between the two great ports, was taken on March 24, the end was drawing near.

While Danzig was being attacked, Marshal Zhukov was assaulting the great port of Stettin, on the Oder, the capital of Pomerania. A general assault with 150 tanks, together with the Air Force, broke through the defence, and Altdamm was taken on March 20. Stettin was defended by an artificial flooding, managed by a series of dams, one of the most difficult obstacles to overcome. Though shelled and bombed, Stettin held out.

The naval port of Kolberg, on the Baltic coast, was captured after a long struggle ending in street-to-street fighting. In addition, mass surrenders of German troops took place in the area of Courland to the north-east of Konigsburg, where German forces had been holding out for a year. East of Danzig and north-west of Gdynia, 21,000 prisoners came in during the twenty-four hours of May 9

THE CAPITULATION OF THE SCANDINAVIAN "FORTRESS": The landing of Allied troops by air at Stavanger; the liberation of Copenhagen; and the flying of the White Ensign at Kiel

Norway was liberated under very curious conditions, the huge number of German troops and the large German police force rendering the circumstances exceptional. First actual contact with Oslo was made by a small party arriving by air from Copenhagen. They had a tumultuous greeting by a huge crowd which was kept in order by Norwegian and German police working side by side. Two days later, an official mission arrived in the capital, and 2,000 British troops were landed by air at Stavanger. The 400,000 German troops were moved to a number of camps in the west until arrangements for their removal could be made. Some naval personnel remained in the towns to assist in the surrender of enemy naval craft. At the same time, the surrender of Denmark was accomplished with scenes of great jubilation at Copenhagen, where British naval forces penetrated the entrance to the Baltic. The Danish surrender included the taking over of two German warships which had been sheltering in the harbour for some time

GERMANY AFTER THE SURRENDER: The division of the Reich into two huge Allied sectors—one Russian, and the other under control of Britain and the U.S.

With the final capitulation of the German armed forces on May 7-8, a line across Europe revealed itself. On one side of it were the troops of the Western Allies, and on the other the troops of the Red Army. Germany was thus cut in two pieces, the line passing from Wismar, the Hanseatic port in the north, down the line of the Elbe at Magdeburg, then southwards along the Bohemian mountain frontier to the western area of Austria. The area of Schleswig-Holstein was producing conditions which were puzzling, but perhaps unavoidable. It contained a mass of German troops for whom it was not easy to find camp accommodation. The area had therefore been placed under the immediate control of German officials, who had to look after the surrendered soldiers from day to day. Broadcasts in German were coming from this area, from the "Headquarters" established by Admiral Doenitz at Flensburg, but the real control was, of course, in Allied military hands

THE HEADQUARTERS OF ADMIRAL DOENITZ: The modest villa at Flensburg, in Schleswig-Holstein, where the German High Command took up their quarters after the capitulation. Flensburg is a small German port on the Danish border

A VIEW OF THE SHIPYARD AT DUNKIRK, WHERE GERMAN BOATS WERE STILL UNDER CONSTRUCTION AT THE TIME OF SURRENDER. Ten thousand enemy troops had occupied the port and resisted all attempts by the Allies to drive them out. When the Allies took over on May 11, Dunkirk was a deserted city

The FREEING of DUNKIRK

After Five Years in German Hands

—Four Air Views Taken Over the French Port on May 11

On Friday, May 11, it was announced that all the French ports held by the Germans—including Dunkirk—had been freed. Thus ended an occupation by the enemy which had lasted for five years. Dunkirk will always be remembered by the people of these islands, because it was from there that the original B.E.F. carried out its glorious evacuation in June 1940.

The surrender of the Germans has revealed that the port is now completely unserviceable: before obeying the surrender order, the Germans completed the destruction begun during the battle of 1940 and carried on since then by Allied bombing.

All the cranes and docks have been demolished, and not a warehouse remains intact. Sunk and scuttled ships obstruct its harbour. The town also is largely destroyed.

THE DAMAGED E-BOAT PENS, whose enormous concrete roofs had received several direct hits from Allied bombs. It was from here that German M.T.B.s operated in the Channel

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE DOCKS, showing buildings marked with the Red Cross left amidst the wreckage. All around is the devastation caused by repeated air raids

IN THE CITY OF DUNKIRK, SOME OF THE BUILDINGS WERE MARKED BY OUR PRISONERS OF WAR. Mines left by the Germans before the surrender were estimated to number one million: three thousand of the enemy are now clearing them

THE JET AIRCRAFT
Which came into Action Too Late
A Special *Sphere* Drawing of the New German Me 262 Fighter

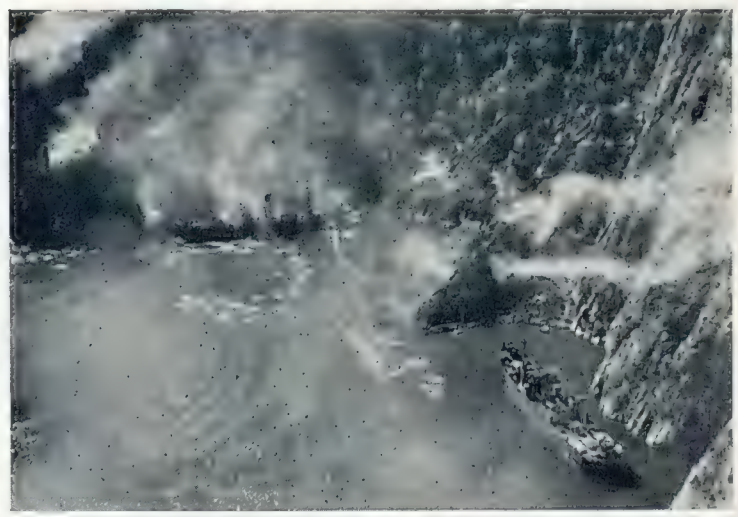
A NEW-TYPE GERMAN AIRCRAFT WHICH WAS PERFECTED TOO LATE BY THE NAZIS : A close-up impression of the jet-propelled Messerschmitt 262, single-seat fighter equipped with a retractable, tricycle undercarriage— *Drawing by Roland Davies*

Many of the secrets of the Luftwaffe have been revealed to the Allies since the German capitulation. One of them has been the jet-propelled Me 262, which made its appearance over the European battlefields last year : during the break-through attempt by the Nazis in the early part of the present year, numbers of them were encountered by our pilots. But it made its appearance too late to play any decisive part in the war by air. The Me 262 is a single-seat, low-wing monoplane : its two turbo-jet propulsion units—of Junkers design—are underslung : the plane has a wing-span of approximately 40 ft., and it is of all-metal construction. Until quite recently it had been used almost solely for reconnaissance purposes, although from well before D-Day our own planes had been successful in keeping them out of the air almost continuously whilst our invasion plans were going forward.

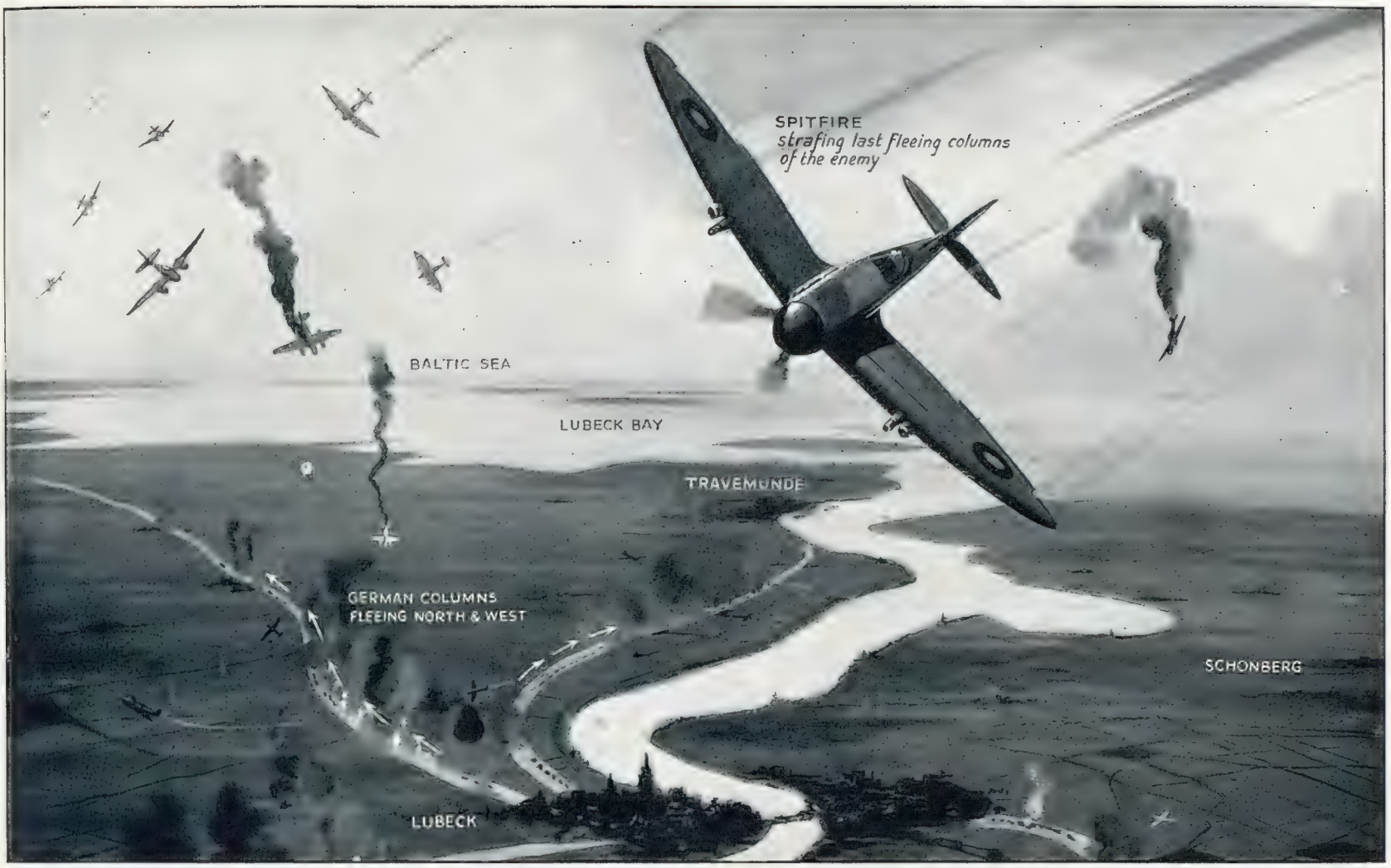
Our own Tempest is almost of as great a speed as the Me 262. In combats, the British aircraft achieved a number of successes over this best of the German types : these were achieved mainly owing to the smaller-turning circle of the Tempest and its greater manœuvrability.

A NEW PLANE—WITH CONTROLLABLE WINGS—is used in flying experiments in the United States : Experiments with the controllable wing of this plane undergoing tests in San Diego, California, are being made with the view of revolutionising methods of controlling small aircraft. Instead of being attached rigidly to the body of the plane, this wing has a pivotal connection which permits it to be moved about on its longitudinal and lateral axes. When perfected, this new-type wing may eliminate the necessity of ailerons, elevators and rudders on small planes, a development which aircraft designers hope will considerably simplify operation and construction

THE "FLYING BOX-CAR" TAKING-OFF FOR A FLIGHT FROM NEW YORK TO THE WEST COAST : The flight was made non-stop and through the night. This compact and sturdy aircraft is a Fairchild Packet ; it has been designed to carry heavy commercial cargoes by air as easily as a freight car carries it by rail. The "Flying Box-Car," as it has been called, has a range of 4,000 miles and flies at more than 200 miles per hour. Two powerful engines lift the huge plane from average-size airports with a payload of nine tons. In the picture above, the Packet has taken off, after a comparatively short run, to wing its way across the continent non-stop overnight. Designed especially for air cargo and heavy freight, it has many unique features which facilitate quick and easy loading. The huge rear doors square cargo compartment and level floor at truck-bed height are examples



HOW THE GERMAN SHIPS HIDING IN NORWAY WERE HOUNDED by Coastal Command right till the very end : Aircraft of the R.A.F. ceaselessly attacked the remnants of the German merchant navy as they fled from the Baltic coast and Denmark to Norway. The fiords had long been favoured by the Nazis as hide-outs for their ships, but every fiord was swept with rocket- and cannon-fire to blast them out. This picture was taken in the Fede Fiord during the last days of the European War : it shows one of two enemy ships blazing after an attack had been carried out by Beaufighters



Above—**BRITISH SPITFIRES ATTACKING THE GERMANS as they fled northwards from Lubeck towards Travemunde and Lubeck Bay just before the capitulation**—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

The LAST ACTIONS by the R.A.F.

In the European War—*The German "Dunkirk" at Lubeck Smashed by Fighters and Coastal Command Bombers*

Just before the end came in North-West Germany, the R.A.F. had the task of smashing the Nazi attempt at "Dunkirk" flights to Denmark and Norway. Enemy troops were filling the roads between Schwerin and Lubeck, and frantically trying to escape into Denmark before the Second Army cut them off. Tempests, Spitfires and Typhoons all took part and exacted a heavy toll of the German traffic. It was not long afterwards that Coastal Command also took a hand, by operating against the Nazis as they attempted later to flee from Denmark to Norway, presumably for a last stand in the "Northern Redoubt." So successful were these operations that Sir Sholto Douglas, the C.-in-C., addressed an Order of the Day to two groups, in which he referred to the "record number of successful attacks made in the Kattegat and Western Baltic against the enemy forces."

Below—**THE LAST "STRAFE" OF THE WAR BY COASTAL COMMAND AIRCRAFT at the mouth of the Baltic, as the Germans attempted to flee to Norway—Venturas (on left), Beauforts (upper right), and Beaufighters (bottom right), all take a hand**

—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

FLYING THE BLACK FLAG OF SURRENDER : A LARGE OCEAN-GOING U-BOAT IN THE ATLANTIC MAKES FOR A BRITISH PORT IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE TERMS OF THE GERMAN CAPITULATION. Every enemy vessel was ordered to the surface, and each had to fly a black flag to indicate that she was submitting to British orders : the U-boats have been coming in to southern ports in Britain, in Northern Ireland and in Scotland—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

A BRITISH BATTLESHIP JOINS THE RED FLEET : AN IMPRESSION OF THE "ROYAL SOVEREIGN," NOW OPERATING WITH THE RUSSIANS UNDER THE NAME OF THE "ARCHANGELSKI." She is now the largest unit in the Soviet's Navy. Behind her in this picture is the U.S.S. "Milwaukee," also with the Red Fleet and now its fastest cruiser. Astern of the latter is the Russian "October Revolution" (battleship of 23,600 tons) and the "Paris Commune" (of 23,000 tons)—*Drawing by Montague Dawson* (See notes on right)

On left — The British battleship *Royal Sovereign* is operating with the Russian Fleet under the name of *Archangelski*. She is the largest unit in the Soviet's sea-power. Also operating under the Red Flag is the American cruiser *Milwaukee*, whose name is now *Murmansk*, and several other British and American vessels, including British destroyers. The battleship *Royal Sovereign* is listed at 29,150 tons, with a speed of 22 knots and mounting fifty-six guns, eight of which are 14-in.—larger than any other guns on Russian warships. There are two other types of battleships in the Red Fleet—the October Revolution type of 23,600 tons, mounting twelve 12-in. guns, and the Sevastopol class, also mounting twelve 12-in. guns. Destroyers sent by Britain to Russia are known in the Soviet Union as the Derskii class, weighing 1,060 tons, with a speed of 35 knots and carrying eight guns and six torpedo-tubes. Britain has also given Russia more than one submarine of a class known there as the Bee, weighing 540 tons, with a surface speed of 11·3 knots. The *Milwaukee* is described as the fastest cruiser in the Red Fleet. Weighing 7,050 tons, she has a speed of 35 knots, and, as remodelled by Soviet naval designers, she carries sixty-six guns, including twelve 6-in. guns

The SURRENDER of the U-BOATS

Closing Phases of the Naval War in the Atlantic and in the European Battle Zone

—Depicted in Drawings by Sphere Artists

THE BATTLE OF A VETERAN BRITISH CORVETTE WITH A FOUR-DAY GALE IN THE ATLANTIC OFF THE IRISH COAST: H.M.S. "Camellia," one of the first of her type to be commissioned in this war, after the heavy seas had swept her decks and carried away life-rafts, depth-charges and other loose gear—*Drawing by Wm McDowell*

One of the first corvettes to be commissioned in this war, H.M.S. *Camellia* recently survived a four-day battle with a gale. Depth-charges and oil-drums broke loose and blocked the scuppers, and tons of water, unable to escape, gave the ship a list of 25 degrees. Tons of stores, enough for two months, were ruined and had to be thrown overboard, and the ship's company, unable to stay in their bunks, had to sleep on the deck in inches of water. The vessel was on a special job about 200 miles west of Ireland when the gale hit her. "A gripping spar was smashed and the boat was left dangling from the davits," said one of the crew. "We managed to lash it down, but lost several Carley floats and their lashings. Watertight doors were forced open and the ship's office was flooded. Scores of papers and letters were ruined. The provision store was flooded and we had to throw tons of food overboard. We had no chance to sleep, but we managed to finish the job we were doing. On the fourth day the gale blew itself out, and we started to put things in order. The ship was a shambles. Oil was all over the upper deck and we had only three drums left out of fourteen. We cleared the scuppers and at last got back to a fairly even keel." During the last twelve months the *Camellia* has steamed nearly 30,000 miles. She made ten trips to the Normandy beaches during the Invasion period, and has also been on several North Atlantic convoys

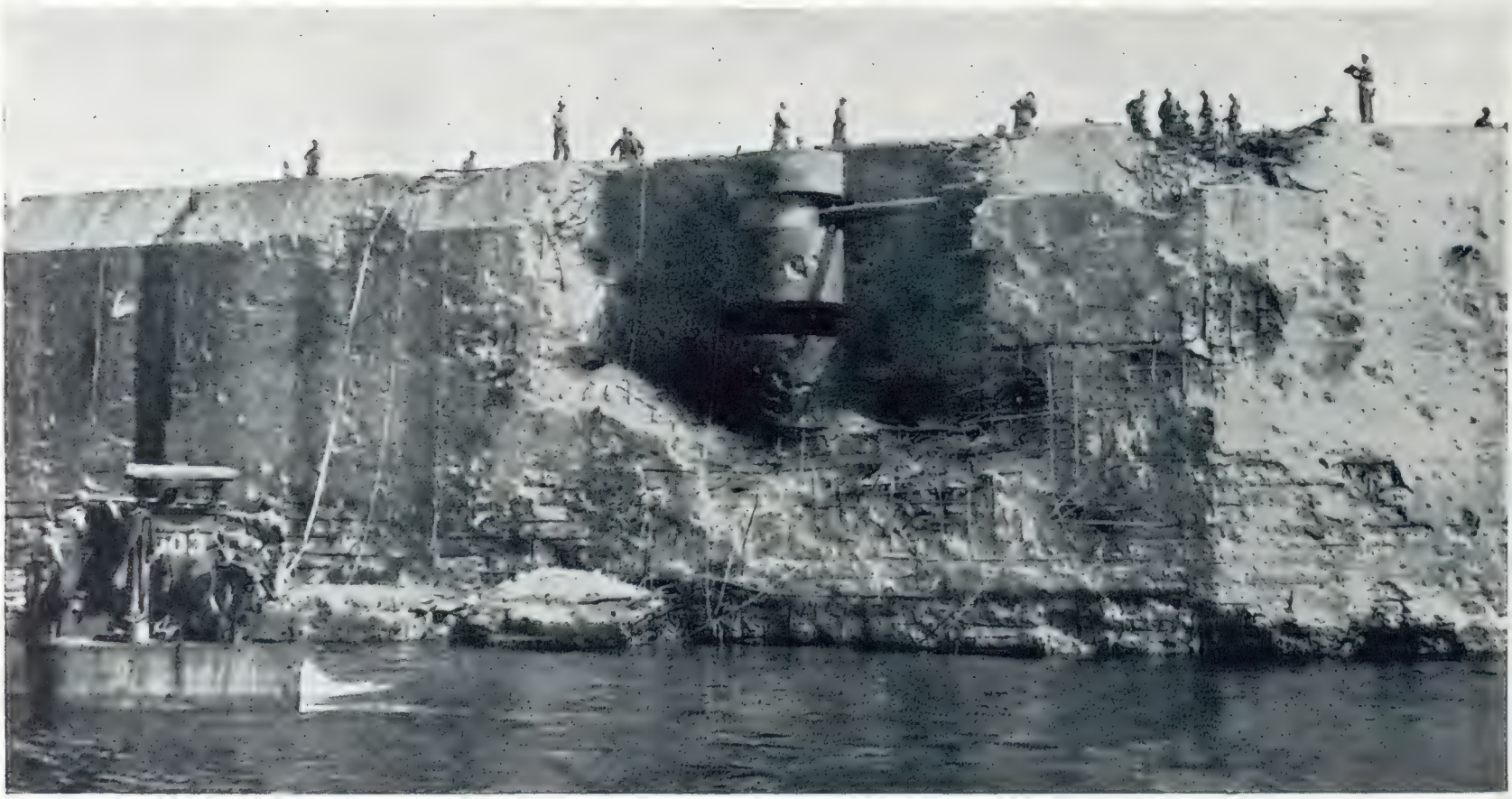
Below—Remnants of the German armies in the north were pushed into the Baltic in chaos just before Admiral Doenitz made his final surrender. Allied pilots saw Kiel Fiord and the waters near Flensburg and Lubeck ablaze with burning ships. The water was full of German soldiers rowing lifeboats and even swimming towards the shore, where British troops were waiting to capture them. The Nazis had set sail for all available ports in every type of ship they could muster—from barges to 10,000-ton cargo-ships, troop-carriers and even submarines. The R.A.F. Second Tactical Air Force went out in massive strength, hitting the German shipping concentrations fleeing north; whilst for the Coastal Command Beaufighters it was their biggest attack of the war

THE LAST DESPERATE FLIGHT OF THE DISORGANISED GERMAN ARMY JUST BEFORE THE CAPITULATION: KIEL FIORD AND THE WATERS NEAR FLENSBURG ABLAZE WITH BURNING SHIPS AS BEAUFIGHTERS AND OTHER ALLIED AIRCRAFT ATTACK THE FLEEING VESSELS. In this picture, a small coaster, crammed with men, is seen attempting to tow barges and boats to safety, while she herself reels to the blast of a stick of bombs. The Beaufighters wrought terrible havoc during this last escape attempt—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell* (See notes above)

PICTURES from the PACIFIC

From the Island of Okinawa and from the Philippines

THE CAPITAL OF OKINAWA ISLAND IS LEVELLED TO THE GROUND. Naha City was once a thriving port and the capital of the island, with a pre-war population of 65,000 people tight packed in its flimsy buildings. It has now been completely destroyed by the repeated bombing attacks of Super-Fortresses and carrier-based aircraft from the U.S. Pacific Fleet. The houses have all been levelled, and the harbour is filled with sunken and broken Japanese ships. Since this picture was taken, by an American naval photographer on April 18, the city has been occupied by the Allied ground forces during their advance towards the island's tip



THE DEATH OF FORT DRUM, THE "BATTLESHIP ISLAND" IN MANILA BAY: How it was turned into a raging inferno by the Americans to drive out the suicidal Japs who had refused to surrender it after three years in occupation of the Philippine Islands

Manned by the Japanese since its capture in 1942, Fort Drum had to be turned into an inferno before recapture by Americans three years later. Under constant and heavy sniper fire, men from the 151st Infantry of the 38th Division, landing on Fort Drum from L.C.M. amphibious invasion craft, pumped 5,000 gallons of petrol and oil mixture into the vents, placed 600 lbs. of TNT at vital spots, set a 30-minute fuse and blew the battleship-shaped concrete island, with its enemy garrison, right out of Manila Bay. Built by the Navy in 1905, the fortress mounted two turrets of two 14-in. naval guns and two 6-in. guns in each, was 335 ft. long, 130 ft. wide, and 40 ft. high. Its side "plates" were 36-ft. thick and its "top deck" slab measured 18 ft. in thickness. In the picture above, the L.C.M. pumping boat in the foreground is sending its mixture of petrol and oil into the vents of Fort Drum. On the deck of the "battleship island" men of the 151st Infantry cover the engineers, who are working furiously with the pipelines and the 600 lbs. of TNT

THE AMERICAN NAVY IS CLOSING IN ON TOKYO: Moving ever closer to the Japanese capital, the U.S. Fleet, consisting of large aircraft-carriers, cruisers, destroyers, and Coast Guard assault craft and transports, brought a mighty force to Okinawa to carve out a beachhead on the island which is only 350 miles from the Jap mainland. Here the area bristles with activity, as even more supplies and troops are landed on the beaches under the protection of the mighty sea armada which lines the west coast of the island ready to repel any attempt which the Japs might make to prevent the progress of the American forces

STILL ANOTHER SUICIDE ATTEMPT BY A JAP PLANE. This "Zeke," or Zero, aircraft tried desperately to manœuvre its load of bombs on to the deck of an American warship. The picture was taken just before the plane finished its unsuccessful attack by crashing into the sea

A HEAVY CONCRETE REVETMENT ON THE JAP AIRFIELD AT OKINAWA. It failed to protect the enemy plane cached within, however, as an American gun registered a direct hit at its very mouth. It now serves the invading American Marines as an anti-tank gun position

GETTING TO KNOW THE RUSSIANS

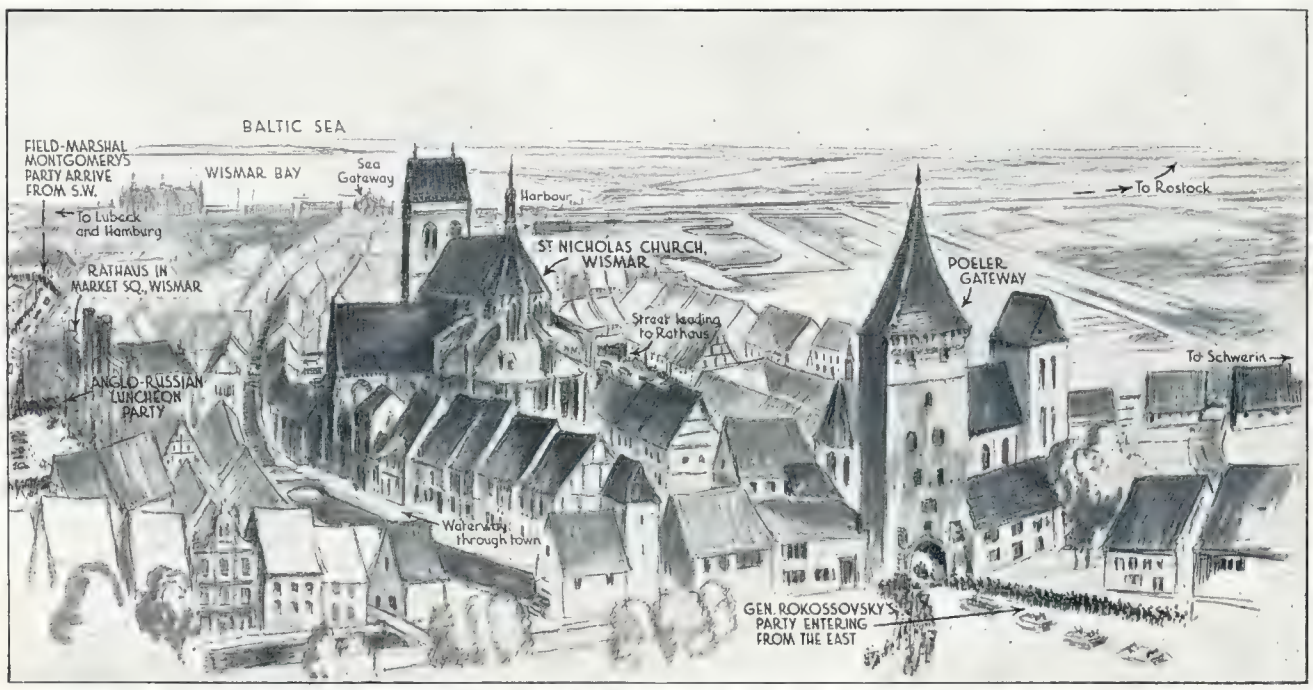
And First-hand Views of the Ruins of Hitler's Mountain Retreat at Berchtesgaden

THE AMERICAN-RUSSIAN LINK-UP AT LINZ : At a ceremony held on the airfield at Linz, in Austria, on May 12, General George Patton decorated Lieut.-General Nikonor D. Zahwataeff, commanding officer of the Russian Guard Army, with the Legion of Merit. Members of the Russian staff were also decorated. In turn, General Patton was to have received a Russian medal, but this had been delayed pending the approval of Moscow. The U.S. Third Army flag, with the A and O, was also presented to the Russian Commander by General Patton. Here he is explaining that the "A" inside the "O" on the flag means "Army of Occupation"

THE AMERICAN GENERALS CELEBRATE VICTORY AT THE H.Q. OF THE 12TH ARMY GROUP : This is the largest Army Group in the world. At the headquarters occupied by its Commander—General Omar N. Bradley—at Bad Wildungen, in Germany, a banquet was given on May 11 to all the commanders directing its various armies. Those present included General Eisenhower (second from the left), General William H. Simpson (extreme left), General Omar Bradley and Generals Bedell Smith, Patton, Hodges, Gerow, Spaatz and Vandenburg

THE VISIT OF FIELD-MARSHAL MONTGOMERY TO MARSHAL ROKOSSOVSKY'S HEADQUARTERS : This picture was taken on May 10, when the British General visited the Red Army Commander at his Field Headquarters in Northern Germany. On his arrival, Field-Marshal Montgomery took the salute as a Regiment of Cossacks rode past shouting their battle-cry. Later, he had lunch with the Soviet Marshal, and was entertained by men and women soldiers of the Red Army in Russian folk-songs and dances. In this picture, Rokossovsky is speaking at the luncheon, beneath big portraits of the three Allied leaders. It will be noticed that the portrait of the late President Roosevelt bears a large black ribbon

A RUSSIAN VICTORY BANQUET FOR GENERAL WILLIAM H. SIMPSON AT ZERBST : General Sviataiev (on left) and General Simpson (centre) pose in the garden at the Russian H.Q. for a picture by a Russian photographer. General William H. Simpson, of the Ninth Army, was entertained by Colonel-General Sviataiev, of the 33rd Russian Army, at a Russian VE-Day banquet on Russian territory at Zerbst. The American and Russian Generals gave each other presents. They exchanged their pistols, watches and carbines, which both Generals valued very much, as they had been using them right through the campaign. General Sviataiev's tommy-gun travelled with him all the way from Moscow



WHERE THE BRITISH AND RUSSIAN ARMIES MET AT THE NORTHERN END OF THE LINE : The historic Baltic town of Wismar, where Field-Marshal Montgomery met Marshal Rokossovsky, and where their armies now lie close together after the historic Anglo-Russian link-up—*Drawing by Percy Home* (*See note at right*)

On left—Far down the line of the Western Allies, contact had been made with the Red Army forces at Torgau. It was in the area of the historic Hanseatic port of Wismar that Field-Marshal Montgomery's advance forces sighted the Russians bearing westwards from the region of Rostock. While the main task of capturing Berlin had been in operation, Marshal Rokossovsky had been pushing the enemy westwards and clearing the Baltic region around Rostock. The enemy attempted several futile flights to the north-west as the two armies approached. Further advances ceased, and the two commanders marked the occasion by a luncheon-party in the ancient town of Wismar. Its sea gates look out on one of the best natural harbours of the Baltic coast. It had been in the possession of Sweden from 1648 to 1803. In the drawing, Marshal Rokossovsky's party are seen entering the town by the Paeleu Gate and proceeding towards the market square, which is faced by several ancient buildings

THE RUINS OF HITLER'S HEADQUARTERS AT BERCHTESGADEN, NOW IN AMERICAN HANDS: French and American soldiers have been visiting this spot in the hope of gaining "souvenirs"; but so complete has the devastation been, as a result of the heavy Allied air raid carried out just before the end of the war in Europe, that there is little to be found!

THE ACTUAL CHALET OCCUPIED BY THE FÜHRER AT BERCHTESGADEN: With both of its wings collapsed and the main building damaged beyond repair. The whole place was filled with priceless treasures looted from all over Europe

AMERICAN SOLDIERS SEATED IN THE CORRIDOR OF HITLER'S HOUSE: Note the strength of the concrete pillars

TWO TYPES OF RUSSIAN WOMEN SOLDIERS: Karuma Galeuma, a young Soviet policewoman from Astrakhan, on guard at the pontoon bridge at Torgau-on-the-Elbe, where the Americans joined up with the Red Army. Karuma fought in many battles, including Stalingrad, and has killed forty-two Germans

A RUSSIAN ARMY GIRL ACTS AS WAITRESS, during the elaborate banquet given to General Simpson by the Russians at Torgau

A GUARD STANDS AT THE ENTRANCE TO A SUBTERRANEAN VAULT which contains strong-boxes and safes, besides big quantities of arms and ammunition. Berchtesgaden was captured without a fight: it is now known to be one huge air-raid shelter and fortress, which looked as if it could have resisted siege for years. The hundreds of passages in this great honeycomb, with their kitchens, pantries, store-rooms, bedrooms and living-rooms, stretch for miles. The whole is air-conditioned, lit by electricity and inter-connected by telephone. The American 3rd Infantry Division have now handed it over to the French 2nd Armoured Division. There is enough food, blankets, clothes and medical supplies to solve the feeding problem for thousands of slave labourers. Above ground all semblance of order disappears, with the ruins of the Berghof still smoking from the last R.A.F. visit

HOW STARACE WAS LED OUT TO EXECUTION IN MILAN : Lieut.-General Achille Starace was the former Chief of Staff of the Fascist Militia and the former Secretary of the Fascist Party in Italy. He was a very hated figure throughout the whole of that country. After having been shown the dead bodies of Mussolini and Clara Petacci (Mussolini's mistress), he is being led out to his own execution. A woman partisan, with a weapon in her hand, walks beside him. This picture was obtained by the *New York Times* : it was sent to them by radio from Berne, in Switzerland, on April 30. It was then forwarded to London

THE SCENE WHICH HORRIFIED THE WORLD : How Mussolini and his mistress, Clara Petacci, were flung into the gutter after their execution in Milan. After his capture by partisans in Italy, the ex-Dictator Mussolini was shot in Milan. He was then hung up by the heels alongside his former mistress, and exposed to the vindictiveness of the Italian mob. Later, both bodies were taken down and flung into the gutter, with Mussolini's head pillowed on the breast of Clara Petacci. The conduct of the Italians who carried out this revolting act has been condemned throughout the civilised world

PICTURES from MANY QUARTERS of the GLOBE

VICTORY DAY IN MOSCOW : A picture taken on the morning of May 9 in Gorky Street. Soldiers and civilians forgather early to drink a victory toast after the news of the German capitulation had come through

PREPARING TO GET GERMAN UTILITY WORKS GOING AGAIN—a picture from Coblenz : This is a meeting of the heads of all the electric companies of the Rhine Valley; they have been called together to discuss the best and quickest way of restoring the electricity supply of the area. At the end of the table is the chairman—Lieut. William D. Brewer, of the U.S. Army: he is assisted by three other Americans

IN THE KREMLIN : Nicolai Shvernik presenting the "Distinction in Labour" medal to Miss M. Johnson (who accompanied Mrs. Churchill) for her successful activities as Secretary of the British Aid to Russia Fund

HOW THE TEN-TON BOMBS OF THE R.A.F. PENETRATED 15 FT. OF GERMAN STEEL AND CONCRETE : A roof view of the large hole caused by a 22,000-lb. bomb which penetrated the steel reinforced-concrete roof of a submarine pen. Evidence of the damage caused by 22,000-lb. bombs is shown in photographs of the Valentin submarine works at Farge, north of Bremen. The works were almost completed when Bomber Command attacked on March 27, 1945, dropping ten-ton bombs. The heavy concrete buildings cover an area about 500 yards long by 100 yards wide. Building commenced in November 1943, and the pens were due for completion on May 1, 1945. Bomber Command's attack on March 27 caused such damage that the work was never concluded

THE TSCHAIKOWSKY MUSEUM IS RESTORED AFTER GERMAN VANDALISM : This building at Klin, near Moscow, held most of the historic manuscripts and exhibits of the famous composer. It was wrecked by the Germans

THE RANGOON LANDING: BRITISH AND INDIAN TROOPS GOING ASHORE FROM LANDING BARGES ON THE BANKS OF THE RANGOON RIVER. British and Indian Paratroops were dropped near the Burmese capital on May 1, before the sea and airborne attack on the town and port the next day. They were followed by forces landed from the barges of the Royal Navy, when landings were made on both sides of the river south of the town. This operation is actually seen in progress in the picture above

JUMPING FROM BOTH SIDES OF THE AIRCRAFT: Parachutists are here seen tumbling from each side of a C-54 Skymaster transport plane at Lawson Field, Fort Benning—a base of the U.S. First Troop Carrier Command. This is a new technique now being tried out by the Americans

IN SIAM, R.A.F. LIBERATORS CRIPPLE THE BANGKOK CANAL SYSTEM: One of the bombs is here bursting on the east end of the lock gates of the Klong Phasi Charoen Canal. Lock gates on the western canal system of Siam, between 25 and 50 miles from Bangkok, were destroyed at three points in a low-level daylight attack by Liberators of the Strategic Air Force, Eastern Air Command, on April 18. The attacks were carried out on canals used by the Japanese as an alternative communications route, owing to the destruction of railway bridges around Bangkok by Allied bombing. The wrecking of the lock gates has left the canals navigable only at high tides, and has reduced their efficiency by approximately 80 per cent. The two canals run from Bangkok to Banggondhi, 50 miles south-west of Bangkok, and are about 100 ft. wide. The bombers attacked from a very low level

NEW ZEALAND SENDS FOOD TO GREECE: Public subscription has bought the supplies of food, which are now being given to poor families in Athens. It is being issued at distribution centres under the auspices of the Swiss Red Cross

THE FOURTEENTH ARMY GIVE A PARTY to the children of Maymyo: When Major-General Rees, 19th Division Commander, went to Maymyo his first thought was to give the children a party. Above, the padre, Captain J. H. S. Spread, is showing a collection of photographs to the children

A FRENCH GIRL PRISONER on her way to freedom: Still with her prisoner's badge, this girl is being assisted by two French soldier escorts after years in captivity. The road is crowded with thousands of other people, of all nationalities, on the way out of Germany

MILLIONS and MILLIONS of CIGARETTES

The Astronomical Weekly Consumption of Tobacco in Britain, and the Future Effect of Peacetime Conditions in the Tobacco Trade. By CHARLES GRAVES

THE end of the European War finds the British public smoking 108 per cent. of the number of cigarettes and pipefuls of tobacco smoked in 1939. Apart from this, all figures connected with the tobacco trade are astronomical and therefore indigestible. The fact remains that we in Britain are smoking 1,700,000,000 cigarettes a week. In addition, a thousand and a half million go every month to our troops overseas, through N.A.A.F.I. This immense increase in the consumption of tobacco is primarily due to nerve strain and the need to relax. Cigarettes and pipes have unquestionably had a tremendous amount to do with the high morale of the civilians during the blitz and the V-bomb attacks. The troops also smoke very much more. Whether a man is an A.R.P. worker or a soldier, the first thing he wants after action, when he has a chance to smoke it, is a cigarette or a pipe.

Soldiers overseas receive fifty cigarettes a week free and can buy another seventy a week through N.A.A.F.I. at a duty-free price. The question which is exercising the Chancellor of the Exchequer is whether he can maintain the present fantastic duty on tobacco when the bulk of the troops have been demobilised. Few people realise that, while the duty on a pound of tobacco in 1900 was 3s. and only rose to 6s. 5d. in 1918, it jumped from 9s. 6d. a pound in April 1939 to no less than 35s. 6d. to-day (in the case of cigars it is £2 4s. 1d. per lb.). So many men and girls in the Services have become used to smoking cigarettes which have either been provided free or sold to them at a reduced price, that serious agitation is bound to occur within the next six months if the present prices are maintained. Not only that, there will be many more ways of spending money than there are to-day. At the moment tobacco, beer and entertainment represent the only three main ways in which one can spend money. Almost everything else except vegetables is on points or coupons. By the end of this year, however, the war factories will have switched over sufficiently to peacetime goods that there will be many other ways in which people can turn their £ s. d. into something other than tobacco, beer and entertainment. At the moment the duty on tobacco is producing over £1,000,000 a day for 365 days in the year. Later on, people will be wanting to set up homes, buy linen, furniture, and all the rest of it. If the Chancellor of the Exchequer continues to maintain the present duty he may well find that sales will drop so considerably that it would pay him to reduce the duty—possibly to a point where the ordinary Virginian cigarette will cost 1s. 6d. instead of 2s. 4d. for twenty. It probably does not occur to the average reader of THE SPHERE that if a working man drinks a pint of beer and smokes a package of cigarettes every day—a very normal thing to do—it costs him £75 a year. Which, as Euclid said, is absurd.

The tobacco duty, therefore, is bound to be reduced. To-day we import 250,000,000 lb. of tobacco (Virginia type) from the United States every year. Of this roughly 40 per cent. goes to the Armed Forces on Lease-Lend. The remainder, purchased at an average rate of nearly 3s. a lb., means the Treasury has to find £20,000,000 worth of dollars. As the troops are demobilised, so lease-lend contributions of American tobacco will eventually shrink. Already there is a big shortage of cigarettes in the United States. Fortunately, last year was the second biggest crop of Virginian tobacco produced in the history of the United States. This year, with any luck, it will be larger than ever. But whatever happens, the present quality of cigarette and pipe tobacco cannot reach its pre-war level for years to come. Tobacco leaf, by rights, should be allowed to mature for a minimum of two years, and preferably for more. The reason why the average cigarette tastes peppery and unsatisfactory is that we in England are smoking cigarette and pipe tobacco which was still growing last year. Almost throughout the war the stocks of tobacco in this country were well below danger level, and it will take probably some years before these stocks can be built.

There are few subjects on which the public is more ignorant than tobacco. Many people imagine that the reason why cigarettes do not taste the same as they did before the war is that Empire and Turkish tobacco has been added. There may be half-a-dozen experts in the country who could tell whether a cigarette contains 2 per cent. of Turkish tobacco or not; there may be a dozen who could tell whether a cigarette contains 4 or 6 per cent. of Rhodesian or Canadian tobacco. But the vast bulk of the public are quite incapable of realising the difference. It is, one repeats, the immaturity of the tobacco leaf, not the type, which makes the difference.

Cigarettes as a whole have to be presented in a less attractive manner than before the war. With the cartonisation of war stores of all kinds, it was necessary to reduce the ninety-odd thousand tons of cardboard and paper used for wrapping cigarettes to less than one quarter of this amount; which involved removing the "stiffeners" from the cartons. This, in turn, resulted in cigarettes getting squashed and therefore smoking less well.

All this revives the question of whether the public will smoke as many cigarettes after the war, when the stress and strain is over, than during the various blitzes and over-work. Personally, I hope that I shall drink and smoke less than I do now. Whether that happens remains to be seen.

At the moment, two of the biggest factories in Great Britain—one at Bristol and the other at Liverpool—have been compelled to start night shifts in order to produce enough cigarettes for the troops overseas. This again is a point. While, on the one hand, large numbers of men and girls will be demobilised in the near future, those remaining in the Armies of Occupation will probably smoke more cigarettes per head than they did when times were tougher and they had less time for a "stand-easy." These, presumably, will be duty-free, and will not affect the revenue.

Altogether, Sir John Anderson finds himself faced with a hydra-headed problem.

The tobacco trade, however, has no illusions. It takes the view that, while smokers did not mind paying through the nose, because they knew that they were helping the revenue, they will in future be much more conservative with the cash they have been disbursing ungrudgingly at the tobacconists. Unless the duty is reduced after demobilisation begins, the demand for cigarettes and pipe tobacco will drop so sharply that the Treasury will "catch a bad cold," with fewer sales and less tax revenue.

In the opinion of Sir Alexander Maxwell, the Tobacco Controller, there is a very big future for Empire tobacco, particularly Rhodesian and Canadian. Indian pipe tobacco also has a great chance. As for Egyptian cigarettes, there is no such thing as Egyptian tobacco. It always makes me smile when people say that they can only smoke Egyptian cigarettes and not Turkish or Balkans ditto. "Egyptian" cigarettes are all made from Turkish or Macedonian tobacco.

The deal between Ankara and London in 1940 was for twenty years, beginning in 1941. This means that there are still sixteen years during which Virginian cigarettes will contain a modicum of Turkish tobacco. It also means that Turkish cigarettes will be available here. The latest news from Greece is that a rapid return to prosperity in Macedonia will guarantee good supplies for these cigarettes in the comparatively near future.

Pipe-smokers cannot expect any real increase in the supply of actual pipes. The first consignment of briar imported from North Africa since 1940, combined with the labour available, was enough for 600,000 pipes; these went, metaphorically, overnight. This is not surprising when one learns that this country made or imported 17,000,000 pipes a year. In this connection, the latest news from St. Claude, the home of the briar pipe in France, shows that no early improvement can be expected. The war used up most of the stocks of briar, as well as of horn mouthpieces, which came from abroad. Attempts have been made to popularise pipes made of beech wood, but without success.

The importation of Havana cigars ceased in 1939 by order of the Treasury. Even now, dollars are in such short supply that the mere £380,000's worth (the average cost of importing Cuban cigars in 1938-39) is considered to be too large for revival of this trade. The question of shipping space scarcely enters the picture. To-day the number of genuine Havana cigars not yet smoked in this country must be less than 100,000. Borneo cigars came to a sudden demise when the Japanese overran the island. It looks, therefore, as though cigar smokers will have to be content—unless they pay rarity prices for Havana cigars—with Jamaicans, not a great hardship however. I am told, incidentally, that there are less than 20,000 honest-to-goodness cigar smokers in the country, people who carry cigars with them wherever they go as opposed to the many thousands more who buy them in hotels and restaurants.

To revert to the masses of men to whom cigarettes and pipe tobacco have become a necessity as a result of the war, it seems quite clear that Sir John Anderson will have to reduce the duty within six months or so. Tempers during the reconstruction period are likely to become almost as frayed as during the war. And the only antidote to this is a cigarette or a pipeful of tobacco at a reasonable price, say 1s. 6d. for twenty cigarettes, and a similar price for an ounce of tobacco.

VICTORY THANKSGIVING AT THE LONDON STOCK EXCHANGE

A UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPH—ONE OF THE FEW EVER TAKEN—SHOWING THE SCENE ON THE FLOOR OF THE "HOUSE": "Tellers'" boards are seen on the walls, and "waiters'" boxes are scattered about the floor. Note the presence of women in this picture. This impressive service of thanksgiving for victory in Europe was held in the Stock Exchange on Monday, May 14. Over 5,000 members, clerks and friends crowded the floor of the House, with the band of the Grenadier Guards playing under the big dome. The service was conducted by Prebendary G. S. Saywell, Rector of St. Michael's, Cornhill, and Hon. Chaplain to the Stock Exchange. Among the many representatives of outside bodies present were the Chairman of Lloyds, Sir Eustace Pulbrook; the President of the British Bankers' Association, Mr. Colin F. Campbell; the Lord Mayor, Sir Frank Alexander; the Deputy Governor of the Bank of England, Mr. B. G. Catterns; the Chief Cashier of the Bank of England, Sir Kenneth O. Peppiatt; and the Commissioner of Police for the City of London, Lieut.-Colonel Sir Hugh Turnbull. The service was conducted from under the South African War Memorial, which was surmounted by the flags of the United States, Britain and Soviet Russia

KING LEOPOLD III OF BELGIUM AFTER HIS LIBERATION: He was rescued by a special detachment from the U.S. 15th Corps at Strobl, a small watering-place near Salzburg, where S.S. troopers had to be overpowered.

THE KING WITH GENERAL PATCH, OF THE SEVENTH ARMY: He was removed from Belgium by the Germans on January 7, 1944, and has since been their prisoner

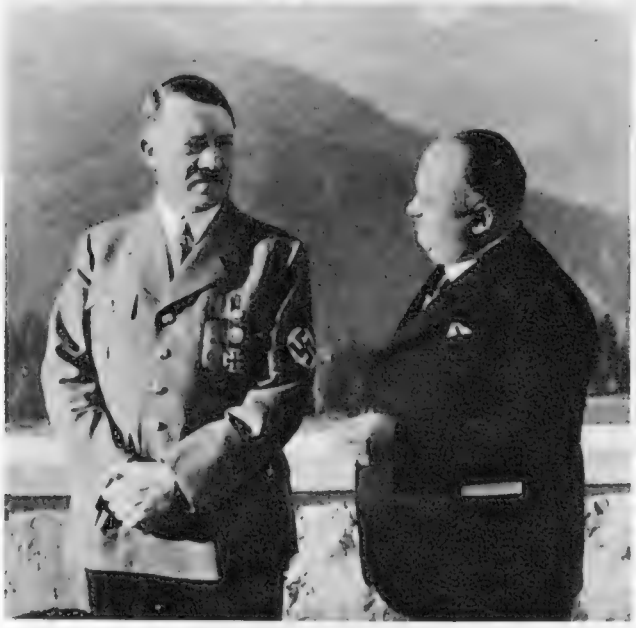
PRINCESS DE RETHY, who has remained with King Leopold, her husband, throughout his captivity

Much of the mystery surrounding the King of the Belgians has been dispersed by his liberation by the Americans at Strobl, near Salzburg. He was married to Miss Leila Baels, a commoner who later became the Princess de Rethy, in 1941, after his arrest by the Germans. (His first wife, Queen Astrid, was killed in a car smash in 1935.) The King has now announced that, owing to ill health, he cannot return to the throne yet, and that he has asked his brother to continue as Regent. He is reported to have aged considerably: he has been a close prisoner of the Nazis since January 1944

The LIBERATION of KING LEOPOLD

And Pictures of Nazi Personalities in Allied Hands and in Eire

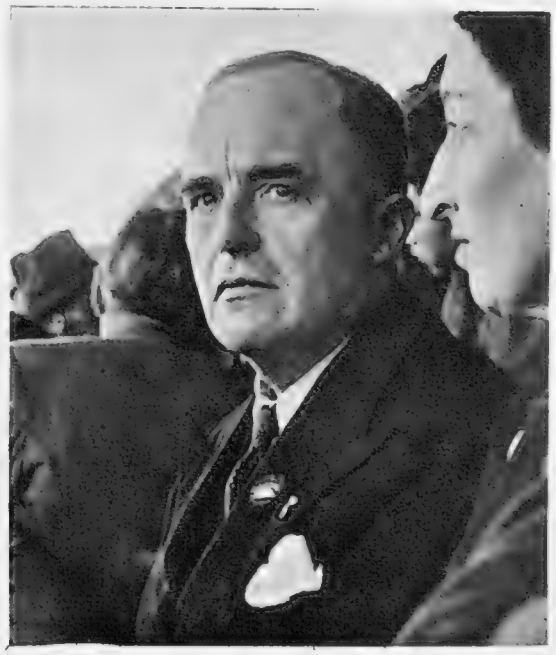
THE BUTLER OF BERCHTESGADEN, who was Hitler's "personal gastronomic specialist," after his surrender to the Americans. He is Albert Kannenberg, a typical well-fed Nazi; with him is his wife. On the left is Inger; on the right is Sigrid—his two blonde nieces



THIS IS THE PICTURE WHICH KANNENBERG HANDED TO THE CAMERAMAN: It shows him with his master, Hitler, in the grounds of the latter's Berchtesgaden chalet. Herr Albert Kannenberg was Hitler's personal butler, and his "gastronomic specialist." Together with his wife (who was Hitler's housekeeper), he tried to surrender to the Americans when they occupied Berchtesgaden, but they told him to come another day. Kannenberg says that Hitler was very fond of him and his two good-looking nieces. When Hitler was in a gay mood, Albert played Bavarian tunes to him on his accordion, wearing Bavarian national dress. The reason he wanted to surrender is because the local anti-Nazis had threatened to kill him on account of his close association with the now-perished Nazi regime

"MARY OF ARNHEM," THE RADIO STAR USED BY GOEBBELS FOR HIS BROADCASTS TO OUR TROOPS ON THE CONTINENT, IS NOW IN ALLIED HANDS. She is on the right; on the left is another German broadcaster, Gerda Warko. Both are under restraint in Holland

The silky voice of "Mary," broadcasting to Allied troops, was used by Goebbels in an unsuccessful attempt to induce our men to lay down their arms. "Mary" is Hellen Sensburg, a thirty-one-year-old brunette, whose husband, a Reichswehr captain, is a prisoner of the Russians. For ten years she lived in England—at Coulsdon, Surrey—and was a secretary with a well-known oil company. Interviewed when detained by the Allies, "Mary" said she still believed in National Socialism. She was apprehended with Gerda Warko, a twenty-four-year-old blonde who was educated at Staten Island and lived in New York for thirteen years, and who worked with "Mary" at the Hilversum radio station, broadcasting to the Allied troops



On right—**THE LONELY GERMAN DIPLOMAT: Dr. Hempel, who was German Minister to Eire.** His Legation in Northumberland Road, Dublin, has been vacated; it has been closed, and the keys handed over to the Eire Government—and, later, to the American Minister. Hempel himself has retired into private life, and lives in a house bought some time ago just outside the city. This is the last photograph to be taken of him, when he made his final public appearance at a hurling match in Croke Park. The Doctor is reported to have amassed ample means. He does not intend to go back to Germany—yet

NEW LAMPS and OLD

A Fortnightly Causerie on Life and Letters

By JOHN GORE

THE FATHER OF THE MAN.—Supposing that Lloyd George had been the grandson of a duke, educated at Harrow, and had begun life in a cavalry regiment? Suppose Churchill had snatched what he could of primary education in a little lost Welsh village, in a humble nonconformist cottage, on the savings of a cobbler?

Max Beerbohm, in his inimitable way mixing pencil and pen with equal certainty of touch, has shown us that the young self of a man who has attained to fame is unrecognisable by (and sometimes revolting to) his crowned apotheosis.

But, all the same, the child is father to the man, and *no other father* could have made him what he became.

It 's no good "supposing." If Lloyd George had been the grandson of a duke, an old Harrovian and a cavalry subaltern, he couldn't conceivably have been the comet Lloyd George; nor, vice versa, could Churchill have become the bright particular planet he is. Which is not to say that neither in such altered circumstances would have lit up the sky. If Mosley had enjoyed Mr. Eden's youth and upbringing and fair run of luck, he might quite well stand to-day in Eden's shoes. I don't know enough about Mr. Eden's character to know to what lesser destiny the handicaps of an unfavourable youthful environment or sheer ill-luck might have brought him. But no wise-crack is more cast-iron true than that "the child is father of the man"—the *child* but not (I think) the *infant*. Why then is the "younger self" so often unrecognisable by the older self and so often revolting or shameful? His "paternity" is acknowledged on all hands, but the indentifying features of heredity are "a' wed awa'." It is environment that shows up. The great man is often very proud of his humble origins, but blushes for his puerilities and stops his ears when men recount his youthful indiscretions.

As we grow older, no doubt we grow wiser, and that whether we rise or fall. For as we grow older we recognise, if we do not practise, wisdom. And in Britain, at any rate, it is odd how often wisdom seems to identify itself with conservatism and tradition. Having in our hot youth smashed all the china we could lay our hands on, we spend our maturer years saving from the wreckage what seems after all still marketable. It is all in the common way of human nature. I have often declared that none but a fool wastes his breath on justifying the consistency of his career. For all but fools know well that consistency is mental atrophy and cannot march hand-in-hand with experience. *Experto crede*, but avoid the consistent man as you would avoid the plague or the stagnant pond which breeds it.

What Made Lloyd George.—The prime ingredients in the recipe for that popular and political mystery, Lloyd George, were unquestionably the poetry and poverty, the hills and rills, the lonely spaces and the *res angusta domi*, of Wales. The famous courage, the bitterness and jealousy, the narrow patriotism, of a repressed and distressed minority; the soaring spirit in the confined space, the eagle in the wicker-cage, the visionary in the backyard and mean street, the prophet in the blacks of nonconformity.

These ingredients are as recognisable in the genius of Lloyd George as for centuries have been the prime ingredients in the character of Irish patriots who for ever fed their hate of England on the injustices of the sixteenth century, and could never forget the past or forgive ancient wrongs.

Fiery, bitter, narrow, jealous, these are all epithets which have been levelled against the Welshmen of these valleys, qualifying many fine epithets not less often bestowed on them; brave, poetic, quixotic, shrewd, strong, resourceful, industrious. When the eagle in those parts succeeds in breaking out of the cage, he soars and ranges far and wide. The narrow patriotism gives place to the widest, the narrow view of the backyard to the great distances, range beyond range. And those institutions which seemed, long ago and far away, to call for a crusade of destruction for their total lack of virtue, may come at last to present on closer inspection elements of intrinsic value calling for preservation. From these first beginnings and from these roots spring the demagogue, the dreamer, the poet, the fighter, the duellist of debate. But where is the line drawn between heredity and environment, backbone and background? Environment in the vale of poverty among green and lonely hills may make the dreamer, but can it alone make those dreams come true? The backbone must be there before the background shapes and strengthens it; but environment, not inherited qualities (save one only), is the decisive factor. This country of ours—it sometimes seems to me—acts on its citizens, to a greater extent and more surely than other countries on their nationals, as ancient Britain acted on the Roman legionary and Norman knight, who (as Kipling sang) came to conquer her.

So many who go forth to liquidate her traditions and put her under a new flag and new charter and new master, in the end, not ruefully but proudly, confess that "England has conquered me"; that those very "outworn" traditions they went forth to destroy, are after all desirable in themselves, have in them unexpected merits and are worthy of preservation still, if not of personal enjoyment. If there be anything in the theory, what vital force we have wasted in anxiety, what breath in crying ruin and havoc, when our young reformers have been out on the warpath.

Time was with us. Time was always England's friend. Evolution, not revolution, has rung our changes; and those who came to kill remained to nurse.

Who in 1909 would have ventured to prophesy an Earl Lloyd George? Who in 1945 would prophesy an Earl Winston Churchill? Yet that coronet which the one took and which the other (I venture to think) never will take, is in some sort a clear proof that, as regards their dearest and most consistent aims, England has conquered them.

Heredity or Environment?—Always in reviewing the career of a great Englishman we come back to this difficult question: What percentage of the ingredients in an individual's recipe for achieving fame and fortune does he owe to Heredity and what to Environment-cum-chance?

A poet I am prepared to believe is born, not made; perhaps a musician or mathematician of the first rank. As regards *public* men, whatever be the heredity percentage, I feel certain that the bulk of that percentage, in these modern, strenuous days at any rate, is made up of Health. Churchill, with Pitt's health, could not possibly have achieved his wartime fame and record. Pitt, with Churchill's constitution, would certainly have survived Ulm and Austerlitz, and would probably have avoided both Waterloo and Peterloo. Good health to-day is Heredity's chief contribution—an essential and a great contribution—to public success.

But I conceive that the contribution of environment is still much the greater contribution.

Our "clever" families—Butlers, Ramsays, Huxleys, Darwins, Aingers, Trevelyans (to cite haphazard)—drank at the fountain of their particular branch of scholarship or science from the cradle. It was their earliest tea-table talk. Our "hereditary" political families—Cecils, Stanleys, Chamberlains—heard politics talked as the main theme from their first appearance in the dining-room.

If any of them had been adopted into other families, brought up with stockbrokers, artists, country squires, would heredity have directed them into the study of the classics, into science, into politics? I very much doubt it. The most I should be prepared to agree to would be that in achieving success in public or political life, environment (and chance) has the lion's share of influence, and that heredity's lesser share is 90 per cent. composed of a sound inherited constitution.

A sick poet may be a better poet and, for all I know, will be a poet even if he be bred in a racing-stable milieu. But the days are past when a sick man can win and hold his place as a statesmen or military commander. In public and active life to-day (the quotation was never more true)

> "The Battle is to the strong and the race to the swift,
> *And* Time and Chance happeneth to them all."

Your great public figure must be *born* with good health, time will correct his youthful out-shootings from his parent stem; and environment will guide his line of development and the winds of chance will make or mar him, twist him to the left or to the right (right or wrong). It may be loosely and broadly true that a man always returns at last to his first love, but *public* men who reach eminence would hardly recognise or much approve their first love to which they were first attracted (as I believe) not by consanguinity, but by chance or environment at the impressionable period of adolescence.

PETS' CORNER

On right—

The female monkey seen on the right is called Peter—for some reason best known to her owner, Steve Ely, of the firm of Ely and Co., of Kansas City, experts in chimney-cleaning. She has been trained to clean vents, flues and air-ducts, and is, according to Mr. Ely, "an expert ventilation-system cleaner."

On her behalf, Ely recently sought to establish a claim in the Jackson County Court for four hours' overtime pay. The judge, however, decided that Peter and her owner had both got publicity enough without the extra money!

Peter is stated to have five human helpers in her work

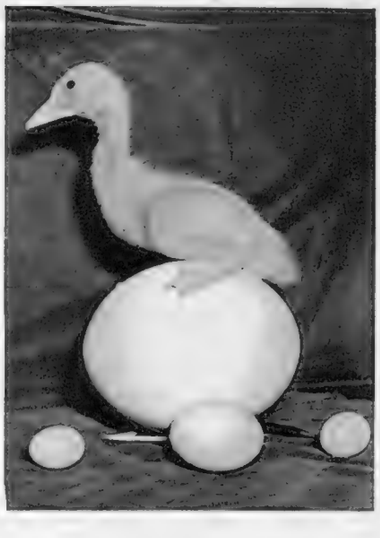
THE EDUCATED MONKEY: Peter, the lady chimney-cleaner, with her employer, Mr. Steve Ely. She has just been the subject of an American court action—for overtime wages

On left—

"G.I. JOE," terrier mascot of the American W.A.C.S. in London: On his jacket are medals and badges from different parts of the world where W.A.C.S. are now serving. He is here watching the recent parade in Hyde Park on the third anniversary of the Corps

On right—

THE SURPRISED BABY DUCKLING—a recent arrival at the Bronx Zoo: The duckling's natural wonderment was increased by the addition of a duck egg and two pigeon's eggs to the general confusion



THE NAVY'S LAST OFFENSIVE OPERATION AGAINST THE GERMANS—a sweep carried out off the northern Norway coast on May 4-5, during the course of which a U-boat depot ship at Kilbotn was sunk

This historic picture was taken from one of the naval aircraft from H.M. escort carriers during the attack on enemy shipping. Naval bombs are here seen bursting on a tanker (in the foreground) which later sank, while swirls on the water behind hide the end of the 5,000-ton U-boat depot ship which had just blown up. A flak ship which was left in a damaged condition is seen in the left foreground

The LAST NAVAL ACTION of the European War

How the U-boat Battles were Won in the Western Approaches

HOW U-BOAT BATTLES WERE WON "ON THE TABLE" BY THE WESTERN APPROACHES TACTICAL UNIT: The staff prepare their contact chits ready for the next view-giving

At a one week's Tactical Course, Commanding and other officers of British and Allied escort vessels "played games" which enabled them to combat the U-boat menace. Anti-U-boat operations were plotted and carried out on Tactical Tables by groups of officers competing against each other. When the play was over, the action taken by each group was viewed by all, and re-play and criticisms took place. The above picture shows how the staff prepared their contact chits ready for the next view-giving. The sequence of view-giving, plotting, writing move-chits, plotting the moves and preparing the next contact chits, took about eight minutes if the group staff teams were well trained. In this eight minutes, all of the signal copying and distribution had also to be done. It was, therefore, a most energetic business, and no mistakes could be permitted or the syndicate play would suffer and the correct solutions not be reached by the players.

On right—One of the most important phases of the Tactical Unit was the consultation with Escort Group Commanders and Commanding Officers of Escort Vessels when they came in from sea. Commander Rowland is explaining what happened in his last voyage, and is proposing a new counter-measure which may be tried out on the Tactical Table. Reciprocal information was also given, so that Commander Rowland would have been brought up to date ready for his next voyage. On the right, against the wall, are the lay-outs for the next game to be played

THE VIEW-GIVING: Course officers are examining the situation, as they did at each move, through peepholes

In this photograph is seen a view of the table, and also the plotting tables used by the Course officers. One view-screen has been removed in order that the view-giving can be seen clearly. On the left, Second Officer Laidlaw is giving the view to a Course Officer, represented by Lieut.-Commander Tooley-Hawkins, Deputy Director of the Unit. He is looking at the table through his peephole. He therefore only knows what he sees, unless signalled reports are received from other ships (as they would be in practice) by wireless or radio-telephone. The Staff view-giver has to point to the situation and describe in detail what the player would see, and it must be in naval language. She cannot actually see her player, and is talking to him through the curtains

CAPTAIN ROBERTS CONSULTS WITH COMMANDER J. M. ROWLAND, D.S.O., an Escort Group Commander, during the course of the operations at Western Approaches Headquarters

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

A SELECTION OF THE NEWEST NOVELS

In Nineteenth-Century London; Phases in Family Life; Thriller and Murder Stories; A Humorist in Wartime; Four Victorian Ladies

THERE is a really excellent idea in Miss Hester Chapman's new novel I WILL BE GOOD (Secker and Warburg. 10s. 6d.), which is set in the middle of the nineteenth century. The story opens in London, where Blanche Peverence is acclaimed as the outstanding romantic novelist of her day. She is a woman of outwardly matter-of-fact but inwardly romantic temperament, whose writing and whose actions are motivated by the deep conviction of her power to influence the younger generation.

The unfortunate suicide of one of her readers depresses her extremely, since she relates it to herself, and she decides to give up writing and accept a position as chaperone to the young daughter of M. Desmarets, an eccentric art collector who lives in medieval splendour off the coast of Normandy. When Blanche arrives, he is absent, and she find her new charge Oriana, a wild, untrained beauty of seventeen, clad one moment in ragged peasant clothes and the next in Worth creations.

After the first antagonism a strong attachment grows between the two women. Following Continental custom, Oriana has been engaged since infancy to marry the son of an impoverished but noble neighbour. For a number of reasons, M. Desmarets is anxious to hurry on the wedding, and when she learns of these reasons Blanche agrees with the advisability of an early ceremony.

It is from this moment that her imagination works furiously and that she begins to influence her charge on the lines she would use were the girl a character in one of her novels. Blanche remains a powerful novelist in essence, but from now on she is working with human and not fictional material. Her influence grows immensely, and she is able to satisfy to a great extent this dangerous power. Her planning only goes awry after she has instigated and encouraged a number of romantic situations, when Oriana's relatives and even her lover begin to suspect Blanche's dramatic instincts, and intervene with a violence which costs Oriana her reason and eventually her life.

That central idea of the story-teller who must write her plot in terms of human lives is an excellent melodramatic gambit, and not even the inadequate finish can destroy the book's originality.

The danger of all whole-hearted admirations, infatuations and other enthusiasms is the possibility of the severe disappointment which they may carry with them, and which can be measured in the same proportion as the original *élan*. Miss Rumer Godden's new book has provided me with just such a set-back, all the more real, since I have admired her work so sincerely up till now. A FUGUE IN TIME (Michael Joseph. 8s. 6d.) is one of those exasperating and, in my view, pretentious novels in which three, four or even five phases in the life of a house and family during 100 years are treated simultaneously. The author whisks her bewildered and, in my case, complaining reader, back and forth in time from the 40's to the London blitz, and from a contemplation of elderly women in wartime to a study of the same beings as pantaletted children. There is no apparent cohesion, the implication being that this will be supplied by the really intelligent reader.

Because it is, thank Heaven, impossible for Miss Godden to write dully, this book of hers retains something of her characteristic enchantment. But what a waste of that delicate talent! Paradoxically, this has made me look forward all the more to Miss Godden's new book, when that graceful sense of order may be restored and at least one of her readers will resume an interrupted but not vanished admiration for her writing, and for her style.

There is a fine understanding of feminine psychology in this week's best thriller BLACK EXPRESS (Crime Club. 7s. 6d.). In this trans-Australian train of the title, a girl regains consciousness in her bunk to find that she has a bad headache, is surrounded by strangers, and, most sinister and convincing circumstance of all, is wearing clothes which neither fit her nor become her. One look, in fact, at the unpleasant little grey suit she is wearing and the assertive red accessories that go with it convince her that she has not only lost her memory and her taste, but that she is the victim of a peculiarly unpleasant plot.

Miss Conyth Little, although this is only the second of her books that I have read, has become one of my favourite writers of detective fiction. She has crispness, ingenuity, pace and a heaven-sent sense of the ridiculous. She is also, in this book at least, a true disciple of Saki's in that she appreciates the macabre effect that certain little animals may have.

In this case, the combination of a barking lizard and a blonde with her throat cut from ear to ear in a sleeping compartment leaves very little in the way of horror thrills to be desired by even the most exacting fans. But it is for the humour rather than the horror that I would recommend this new book of Miss Little's.

Equally competent and as satisfactory to the real clue hunter is Mr. E. C. R. Lorac's MURDER BY MATCHLIGHT (Crime Club. 7s. 6d.), although it is a far more sober piece of work. For one thing, the setting—Regent's Park on a November's night of blitzes—hardly conduces to the frivolity that Australian sunshine might produce. But it is a good piece of story-telling, and there is a compactness and general air of ghastly probability about the plot which is gratifying to the seeker of sensations. The murdered man is an anonymous Irishman, with the single asset of charm to set against a rather heavy debit account of fecklessness and downright dishonesty. On the moonless night during which his charm is finally extinguished, there proved to be a number of handily-placed suspects about, most of whom live in the same lodging-house as himself. This, however, is about the only helpful circumstance which the investigating detective finds.

Mr. Lorac's account of police work—he has no truck with the amateur sleuth convention—is the best feature of the book: calm, detailed and all-embracing.

Not even a war, as the publishers so justly observe, can really keep a humorist down, and Mr. Anthony Armstrong is still that rare thing in spite of having been for four-and-a-half years in the R.A.F.

PRANGMERE MESS (Methuen. 5s.) is a collection of short and just possibly apocryphal tales which have appeared from time to time on the immaculate beige pages of *Punch*, and which deal with such varied aspects of the war as Spy Fever, its symptoms, cause and cure, and committee meetings (Group-Captain Boost presiding) to discuss flies, parrots, bees, and so on.

My favourite passage, however, deals with the intricate question of salutes, from the salute obsequious to the salute derisive, and this is at times hilariously funny. The book's title-page, incidentally, expounds the best reason for a dedication that I have seen. The author has addressed it to a friend, "because," he says, "he likes it."

A definition, and presumably a good one, since it is taken from the *Oxford Dictionary*, of leisure, is—"Freedom or opportunity to do something." At least three of the subjects of Miss Edith Olivier's little volume of biography are people who, in their lifetimes, made remarkable use of their leisure in that special sense: by painting, by reading, by the collection of *objets de vertu*, and by the discriminating practice of hospitality.

FOUR VICTORIAN LADIES OF WILTSHIRE (Faber. 12s. 6d.) is a curious, other-worldly book, not in a spiritualistic but in the most materialist of senses. They all lived within the last ninety years, and they lived within as many miles or less from London. Yet their existences, in cathedral closes or great country houses, seem more remote than that in time and in distance. Those country houses, incidentally, seem almost as important a part of their owners' lives as their personal appearances, and I could have wished that the writer had added to her charming illustrations at least one photograph of Mompesson House, and one of the great house of Clouds, either before the original building was burned down or after the completion of the second mansion, which was started almost as soon as the fire had died down.

Of these ladies, only one had a career as we know it, and she was Miss Annie Moberly, who was the first Principal of St. Hugh's Hall at Oxford. She was also part-author with Miss Jourdain of a little book simply and unsensationally titled *An Adventure*, in which was described an experience at Versailles, which became a minor classic among ghost stories. The other ladies were characters of a distinction which Miss Olivier has appreciated and, in a measure, been able to convey. That it is only in some degree and not wholly is an indication, to me at least, that these dead days beyond recall are not as dear as I had always pictured them.

THE SIGNING OF AN AGREEMENT FOR THE PUBLICATION OF ENGLISH BOOKS IN THE SOVIET UNION: Seated (from left to right) in this picture are—M. Gousev, Soviet Ambassador; Mr. Walter Hutchinson, chairman of Hutchinson and Co. (Publishers), Ltd.; and Mr. D. G. Borisenko, Trade Representative of the Soviet Union. Standing (left to right) are—Madame Ignatygva, Soviet Trade Delegation; M. Saksin, Counsellor, Soviet Embassy; Mr. W. G. Kimber, Hutchinson and Co. (Publishers), Ltd.; Mr. Mokretzov, Soviet Trade Delegation; and Mr. H. H. Coffin, Hutchinson and Co. (Publishers), Ltd. The agreement between Mezhdunarodnaya Kniga, of Moscow, and Hutchinson and Co. (Publishers), Ltd. was negotiated by Mr. Walter Hutchinson. As a result, the best-known British authors will be made known to readers in Russia—an immediate factor in promoting Anglo-Russian relations. The first batch of titles chosen by the Russians include books which are not confined to the publications of the House of Hutchinson

BOOKS OF THE NAZI REGIME which are now being eradicated throughout Germany: These books were used in the public-school system of the country during the Nazi regime; they were found in the basement of one of the schools. Included amongst them are *Mein Kampf*, *We Fly for Deutschland*, and many other books dealing with Nazism and militarism and glorifying Adolf Hitler. These books must now be eliminated from libraries throughout the Reich before the operation of the new school system under the directorship of Dr. Heinrich Beckers, a veteran of many years of educational work in Germany. Dr. Beckers has been approved for this position by the U.S. Army

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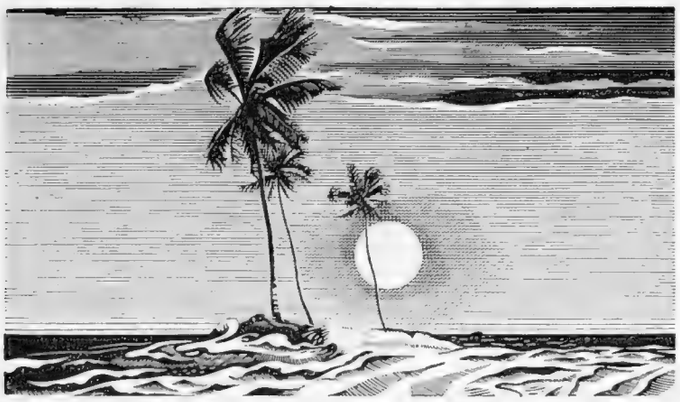

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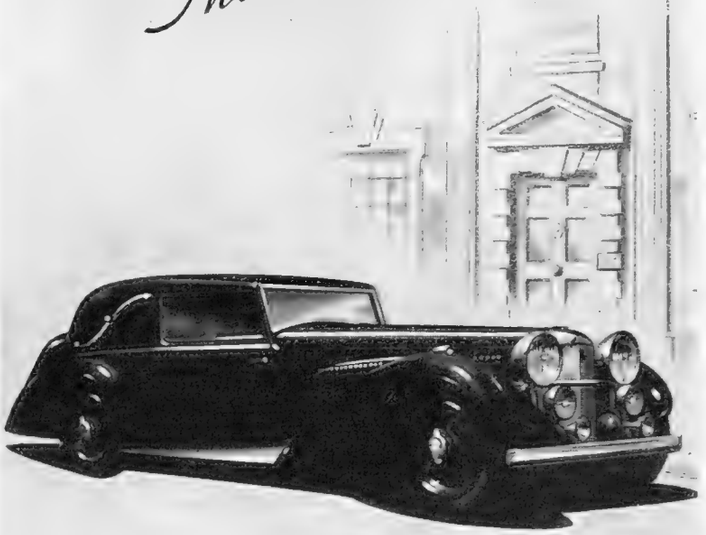

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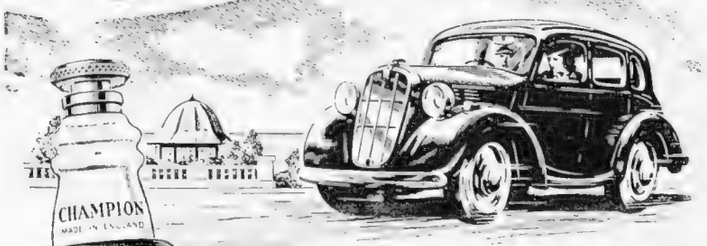

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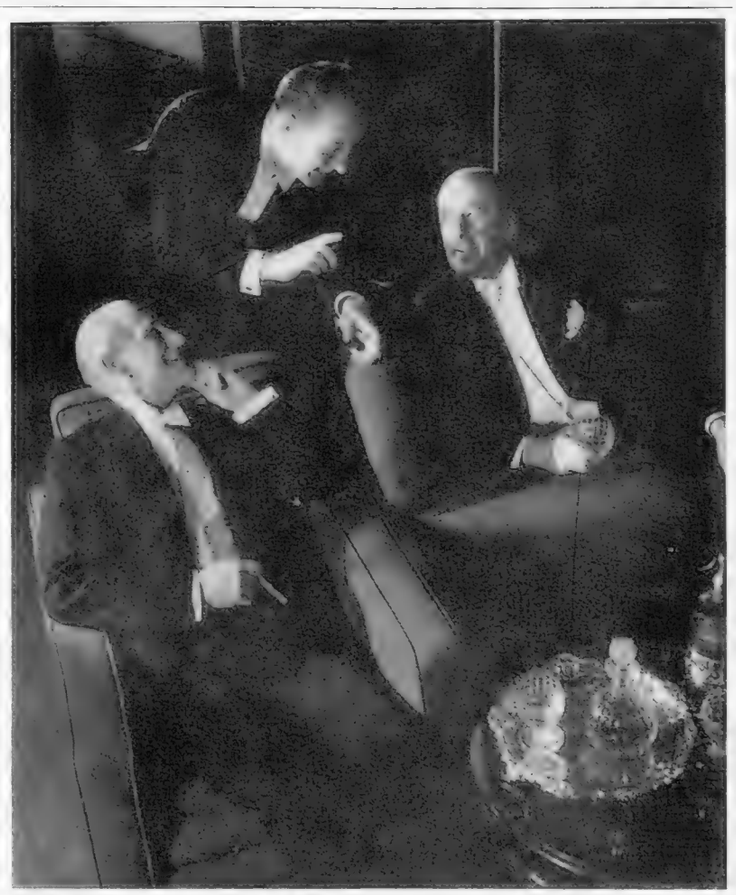

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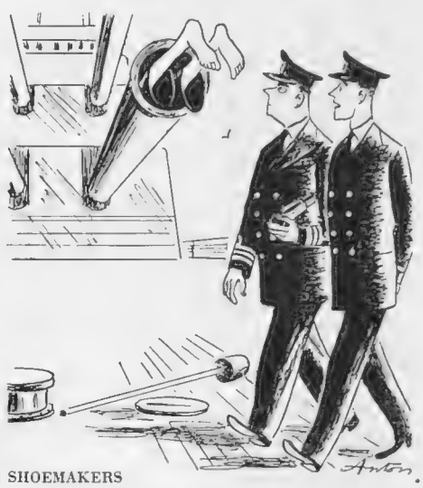

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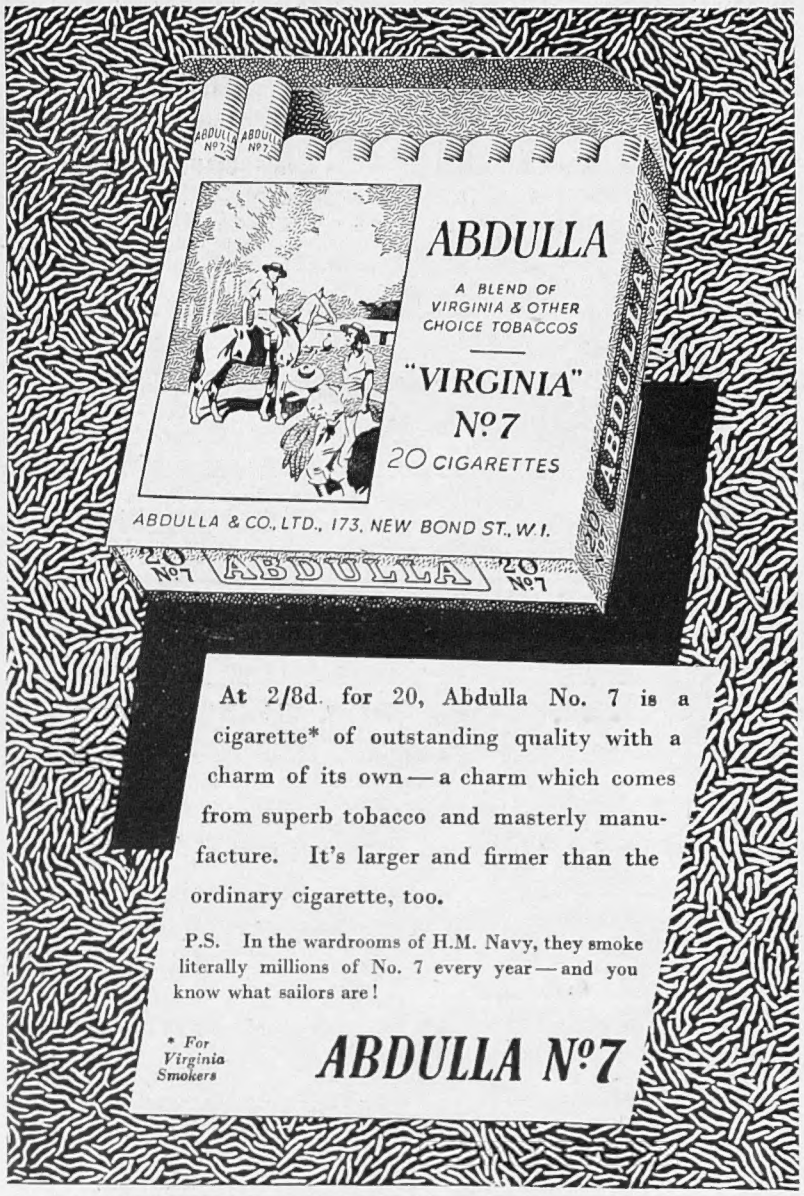

What is wrong with this picture?

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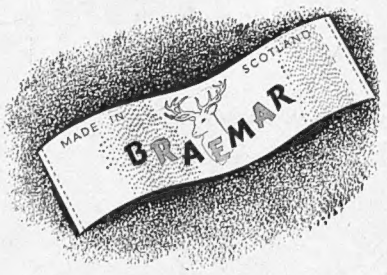

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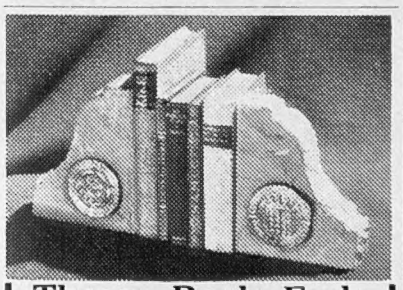

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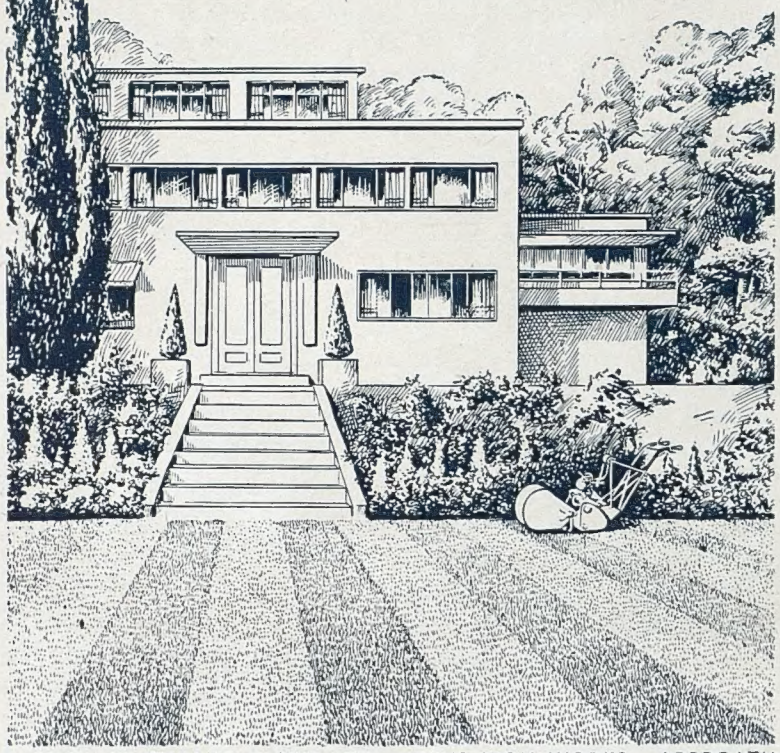

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